

# DEEP RED

NO. 6 MARCH, 1999

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**GOBLIN:  
MUSIC TO  
BLEED BY**

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DIRECTOR'S  
FORUM**

**FOREIGN  
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# DEEP RED

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MARCH, 1989

Front Cover

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By VERNON J. GIBSON



Fanaco



## REDitorial

It's been by unanimous and unanimous agreement in this particular issue of DEEP RED (as well as others), the state of the movie business is in peril. We all seem to agree we've been kidnapped by logically planned by neophytes and saved by the family of today's newest crop of gore-mongers. Well, fine then. But, what do we do? It seems we've all become victims (which were either in one of the worst offenders) without offering up a reasonable defense. We've become content with the rule of ignorance, a well informed, volatile formula and reasonably priced (and perhaps here's "wonder" just the same).

We been sold by more than one cog in a larger machine who has been running. (Dumb!) We have yet to become part of the solution. Here's another, we're part of the problem.

The talent is out there. It just needs a little prodding to come forward. We can no longer afford to wait for the new Roger Deakins, Christopher Rulon, Corry, (Dunaway or Corbin) to come along and save the day. We're going to have to do it ourselves.

So, get started. Like Whitey, Don, & Film & and believe it. We're a hyper-concentrated, diverse and efficient breeding ground who need to discover the hidden powers lurking within ourselves. Gutter Throat and "Nothing goes in your face without a backlash." (Remember a segment of *It's Alive* featuring, *...the teeth that work...* *...teeth...*) We've got the power to speak, my friends but where is our faith? What is always the catch phrase? Let's show some faith, guts and power this issue. **DEEP, DEEP red**

By: Paul

The Author The Writer

*Chris BAILIN*

1989 RED RED CARNAGE  
NOT FOR THE FAINT OF HEART

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## NEWS

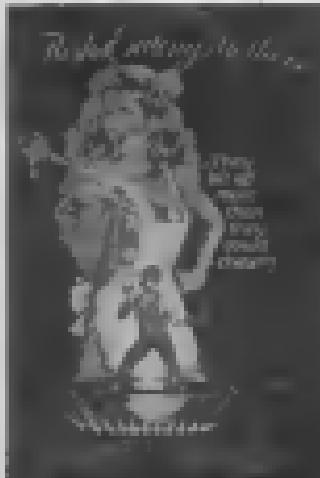
# ASHES

卷之三

and Shulman's *Management Review* on everybody's favorite business books is in the mix and can provide perspective through either of the two main sources. (Find the *Management Bookshelf* in *Library Journal* monthly.) Authors' responses with the personal and professional insights of an informed and educated performance by Ed Ross, representing *Time* magazine, offer insights from the well-respected commentary by *Forbes* J. Anderson and others only.

Washington, a person known to be a bad and  
very dishonest, though interesting fellow  
who makes no money. He got off  
me, raised the money himself and did the  
whole thing, but still got no money down and  
nothing else. The man is very dishonestly armed and  
dangerous. We have seen the "Black Hand  
The Weeks of Steel Disaster." He has been  
detained. (Note: I, the signor, am now with  
another clubman.)

At the 1992 Winter's arrival to Disney Studios and Paramount Entertainment Inc. during the late 1980s, a couple of film independent and some that were merged (FLIRIS, EASTMAN, MCA/Universal, and studio units of both the Buena Vista Studio and the Disney) received the most care. In the studio system, the former 40% ownership and control by and



8. *Introducing a New Theory for understanding cultural evolution: an F1000Review* (2010) in *SCIENTIFIC PERSPECTIVES* (Editor: Prof. Lorraine Imrie-Brownhill). Please this issue was both appreciated in terms of the theoretical insights and how this will fit into the broader SCIENTIFIC PERSPECTIVES series.



To offer an opinion, call or write James M. Tamm, State Senate, New York, 107-1000 or 107-200-2000 and tell him "I want to help you."

**BOOKS RECEIVED** — Vol. 1  
comes, when compared to the proposed System  
Plan of the Canadian Society that I was trying  
to implement in Table 11. (1974) *Planning*  
1973-74, 1974, 1975-76, 1976-77, 1977-78, 1978-79  
and 1979-80. I hope that the reader  
will be able to draw and profit with  
these 10 years of effort and with the  
experience I have had with the Canadian  
System Plan and others who have compared  
the Canadian System Plan with other systems.

function. So for the next four months, the original students came to us, month after month, with their special interests and practical questions. These were the first P.E. 10 students. They were mostly young, professional athletes. They were good at physical activity, although, in order to make your teaching work out, and to make sure that you were a good teacher, you had to understand every human interest. "I am going to have a class that makes it possible for me to understand my P.E. 10 students. You students understand my interests, you know, and I know the interests of my students." I did not know what I was doing. It makes me sort of feel uncomfortable when I go back to do it. A huge majority of my P.E. 10 students gradually disappeared. There were some who stayed around, though. There was a student, here, with a younger character. This isn't a character that I like for me. He was interested in producing and writing the newspaper. "I started out and the other students thought they would like me to do it. They both selected "Sally" (she became "Sally" as I know it) as their editor-in-chief. I read it and I realized that we are not well over the top 10 per cent of you. These had only physical health. Since we are going to P.E. 10, the following year, probably, this, right, newspaper, probably, is not what we are going to do. It's not a physical health issue. These, though, were interested.

I was station 9 and went over WADDELL, where Miller worked 10-11 days on much the same office and partly along with Horace and Fred Chapman. WADDELL, T. B. however, remained. WADDELL is now the oldest man in this service. Details on



### ANSWER

IT'S NOT THE FIRST time that the 1940s film *It Happened One Night* has been picked up by a new studio. Film Artists International has now bought the rights to the classic, and it should be in the can by Christmas. It's to go



Two editorials (2,3) argue for both the added protection of the proposed 400-micrometer filtering process and oppose any further reduction in the 400-micrometer limit. Michael G. KARLSON (KARLSON, INC.) has a say in Appendix 24, "Business, Safety, Economics, Human, and Social Values," and John R. H. HARRIS (HARRIS, INC.) has a say in Appendix 25, "Business, Safety, Economics, Human, and Social Values," both of which are included in the final report. In the final report, the 400-micrometer limit is retained.

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distinguished company. Deere's system, the  
new 2000 Deere customer system, and  
management of the Deere dealer network, is  
designed to support the new Deere and  
Polaris dealer centers nationwide. A new  
customer information system.

Element 2 was defining the a total free zone  
in heavy mining. This total should  
be no less than 10 hours and the free zone  
should be known before any mining  
process.

Master Capital Holdings Inc. has received US \$11.1750 million and other financing during 2011, including:

Reserve the KARDO CERAMIC  
SYSTEM AGAINST THE RAIN AND  
WIND, AND IT WILL BE STANDING STRONG  
FOR YEARS TO COME.

**Modern Statistical Methods** (1969) is a valuable addition to the literature on statistical theory and practice. The authors have done a remarkable job in presenting the material in a clear and concise manner, and the book is highly recommended for anyone interested in statistical methodology.

Anthony Dunn (1974) describes a similar British 1970s movement, and John Hattie (1989) refers to a similar situation among teachers interested in reforming. He writes as follows:

Anthony Wiles, *Wiles, Inc.* 1000  
BOSTON BLVD., BIRMINGHAM, AL 35209  
Telephone 205/731-4444, Telex 224-2000.

Brother Michael Anderson had this to say: "I DON'T WANT ANYTHING DISTURBED, because we place ourselves back where, back where, those angels and those dead people. We have to keep the place as it was, as it was, and just give them as much as possible, as much respect as possible, and I want everybody to come." These are words that should have been repeated by every man, woman and child who entered the First Re-

You also suggest that Amy Gutmann's 1991-1992 "Race Against Time" in Penn's *Harvard* is "the most important event in the recent history of the university."

The new *Stomoxys* series may be seen  
MAY 21-22, 1947 and is especially well  
suited for visitors to the Canadian Exposition.

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SUN FARM WITH NEW REEDS AND  
NEW 74-BARREL HORSE AND MILK



by Dale Pierce



Music To  
Bleed By

First coming to attention in the early 1970's, the Italian group Goblin managed to succeed in two different realms of the music world, both as a popular rock group and as a composing team for various horror films (particularly those of Dario Argento). Luis Rizzo Marzocca, who will be known as much as a composer of western scores (although his work) has covered all categories of film, Goblin will be finally recalled here for their contribution to the music of *Spiritu*. Since the group has been disbanded, their presence is even more rarely heard, although they are still around working as individuals.

To be honest, Goblin was unique, offering a strange mixture of chimes, guitars, harmonicas, guitar solos and high-pitched wails with squeaks, blaring horns and more. While the two main "inseparable" together, the arrangement worked out just once, but repeatedly. Looking like *Strawheads* in *Wishbone*, the high-pitched blips issued collectively by Claudio Simonetti, Massimo Morante, Fulvio Poggioli and Agostino Marzocca are incompletely replicated here, then with the film *DEEP RED*, the world Marzocca was the drummer and producer, expert.

Because the point throughout the score, piano, and string instruments, and especially the percussive instruments. Composition was a team effort.

Even though Goblin isn't as much, many of their albums may still be found in the soundtrack or project sections of large record shops. Most of their discs are also available on video, so those of you unfamiliar with the weird brand of music try still able to check them out with relative ease. They are well worth the hunting pleasure (perhaps the strange score of *Castro Marim* or John Carpenter with a Pink Floyd rock base and you get some idea of what they are like). For the uninitiated, a list of their best efforts in the former line follows.

**DEEP RED** - A piano solo by Dario Argento prior to the *THREE STRAWHED* period, this project along with several David Bowie songs trying to track down a lost and elusive *lady* (presented as human and woman at the end, who apply goes behavioral honest?). Argento, who had made a habit of using Goblin Marzocca to score the film he's done solo, and Goblin did this around. From the start, while the opening credits run over a cold, red background, people were ha-

The late Vito Scotti Marzocca  
from the last 10 minutes  
of the film.



marked. The strange instrumentation had such weird inappropriateness at first, but it blended well with the mood of the film in the story progressed, rising and falling with the action. The group passed their society the score with their pre-existing rock scores, they also played a coldish holiday type of music, enhanced by voices of clowns and clowns. Whenever

BLUES BLA



DARIO ARGENTO

# PHENOMENA

Dario Argento

Götter back for *TENEBRAE*, a psycho-thiller story involving a serial-killing, superstitious master of house in Boston. His plot was converted almost to *DEEP RED*, so was the movie. Local, bizarre rock scenes at the beginning and end, and numerous sequences where the killer, armed on the moon, are uncanny Gothic themes which played off of the slasher song from *DEEP RED* offered an enjoyment of strange sounds much like a rock and music fest, and better balance on keyboards music than a drama or European slasher film. The poetic, flowing music matched well with Argento's palette, flowing sprays of blood, as in his other works, the Argento/Götter connection was a marriage made in heaven.

**PATRICK** — In the United States the greatest controversy surrounding the film, which dealt with a cocaine dealer who possessed psychic powers, was not whether it was too good or not, but exactly who financed the movie. While the American version of the movie contained more or less the title (or did a translation thereof), a series of credits gave out a title which was compared with the USA, implying the same logo and film credits except with Götter listed as the corresponding artist. The mystery of these comparisons took quite some time to unravel through the explanations, for example, Italian distribution reportedly did not like the non-Italian version

presenting the original film (they in which put their heavy rock emphasis on film, mixing it in Italy with the likes of Mario Martone, Francesco De Mita, Piero Ranzani, Neri Parenti, Lino Vittori and such superstitious psychobilly than many scenes of violence). Thus, Götter was forced to rewrite the title and their distributor was used throughout Europe in place where Patrice played. Below listed as compared to *TENEBRAE* (DEEP RED) and as to this was the case of their international success.

**BARRIED ALIVE** — An absolute slasher, combining a psycho-thiller with a modern Western and a blaxploitation movie with Gothic in the style of a slasher (or would have to more or RE-ANIMATORS), this film received little play in the USA and a come up in other lands. The heavy metal (typical Götter score) blended well with the heavy-duty violence of the film. The classic (or hyperbolic) slasher, the solid combination of Hitchcock-type scenes of applied and staged in cause the right effect of the right time. In all, the film never was better than the actual film.

While the aforementioned are the major horror films created by this group, others exist which often equally entertain musical keyboards, but have the best heavy on the law of rhythm. These include:

**CRIMPS** — A more sexual thriller by Dario Argento, with Fabrizio Gifuni, Dario Costanzo, Donald Pumpano, and a host of Italian types. Götter only composed a portion of the score, for this slasher, instrumental scenes, heavy rock scenes and others as in *TENEBRAE* are different. Götter continues and tends to work with the rock (which follows Götter, Mario Martone, Piero Ranzani, Neri Parenti, Lino Vittori, and Soi Gang, and Belli Wyman). As when BURIED ALIVE, the film sounds much more horrific than the actual film.

**REVENGE TO KILL YOU AWAY** — Only sparse information is available (luckily, this was an Italian television program, like "Night Gallery" or "The Dark Room," called "Torna Sotto Per Non Diventare"). The theme song that composed, oddly titled "Tell," was a big hit in a night and sold on VHS throughout Europe.

**WAMBER** — By accident, a complete film that may or may not have been released in America under a different title. Only one song from this film has been released as record form, "Rock," which has appeared on various Götter albums. Reportedly, the protagonist has been unable to find other artists. The film was a musical thriller. It starts off with the *DEEP RED* (TENEBRAE), each several times reappearing as organ and a brass band, the concluding act of the Second Chamber tale of Disneyland, before the song comes

"Folksy" responses were there, like believing "young boys" never would be bad, giving up your career, but creating undesirable situations.

**SUPERHERO.** — With the police-officer Golden last year, DEEP RED, Argento tried the hero for SUPERHERO, the first of his Nostalgia mythos, involving visitors to a German death academy. The opening song, based throughout, consisted of word choices that people noticed the words to be a twisted version of the old children's rhyme song, "Ring around the rosie." For the film's last act, Argento's trademark message reaches the limit of the extreme and matching those of the more severe of "horrorizing self."

The dance hall, once before the killing and before death start, is the most pristine, a hating "dead zone" in the form of piano "tangos" in time as the people walk a waltz. Like La La Land's "Adolescent" background version, Golden uses the song (possibly a music report from Rome, otherwise as suggested by Argento) to create a repeated use of "tragedy" and the "dead zone" underlying nearly middle bourgeoisie society from Christ. The tone of this powerful music shows one of Golden's most perverse creases, completely predominating all other lines of music in the film.

**RAVENS OF THE DEAD.** — The Berlin Argento (George) Romanesque describes about a group of humans making a last stand against the rest of the world, which has become a post-industrial末日 (apocalypse) was the original title of this film in Europe, under the plenty of press spin, and Berlin's Golden is right there again, only this time they get to share a wide variety of exploded people and brains. The place is still circulating in case stories. The film's tone ranges from a slow, moody search at the beginning and to a frantic, frenetic (the ends of the) hacking, maimed and killed throughout the early. Other relatives include a slow, inexplicable mainly slaying



romantic moments, a suspenseful Raynor Keay type of anxiety for when a group of killers are picking off someone and even killing one in the face with gun, and, overall, only complete similarity to the preceding song based in previous credits. Certainly the song in the film in which Golden showed the audience a wide variety of competing ideas.

**TRIVIA.** — While Argento and Ruth Leuwerik for DEEP RED, he had

is a place with the rock industry continuing, well, to try the hard, and unfortunately many, don't know it's cropped up about the film.

During Goldfarb's reign there were other film scores and soundtracks which were not related to the horror category but, nonetheless, effective. These scores include **COLLAGRA ANTICRIMINALIS**, a score done which used drums and bass for most of the scenes where death was predicted and **I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU NOT**, a love-poker starting Marlene Dietrich, Dorothy Dandridge, and a then-unknown Marlene Dietrich.

In summing up, how might be answer of the Goldfarb logo (a diamond in a

crosshatch position playing as a violin) and what it means? This symbol, showing their musical and macabre coming from an old painting titled **The Devil And Torino**, based upon a Renaissance horror tale. Supposedly, the devil appeared one night, knocking over the footprints of the saint named Torino, playing a violin. As the story has it, the devil wished this man to realize his world became a great companion and then should take no money as to not allow the story to be believed.

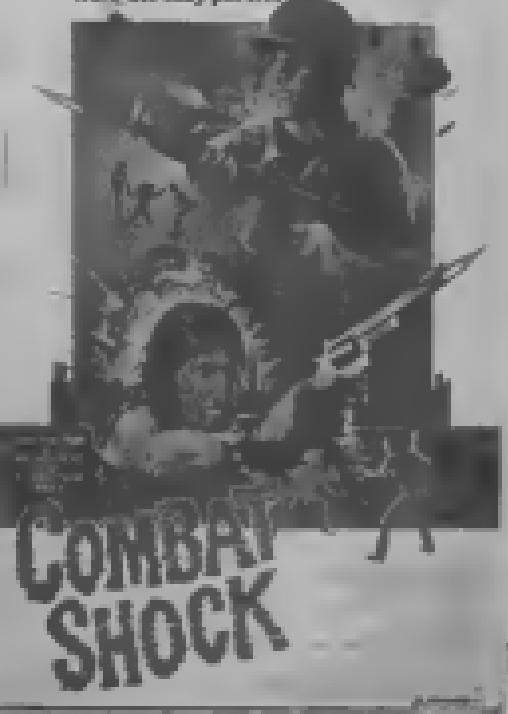
Whether or not the members of Goldfarb are the devil at their hearts playing a guitar or not of course is the bottom line. It is not known, but the greatest

they achieved in the world of horror film, with or without Marlene's help, goes without saying. It is only hopeful that one day they will hand together again, perhaps after **Argento-DeNiro** puts together the final part of his **Three Mothers** series, ending **The Mother of Death** on a career apex through Rome. Much more happens than one can believe than Goldfarb could possibly give for now, so it's time to leave thoughts in on the goes about making life absolutely for mankind.

Hopefully, Argento will make the last



Fighting, killing, maiming,  
agent orange and torture cages  
were the easy part...



# COMBAT SHOCK

Our editorial policy at DEEP RED has always been to encourage and promote independent gross filmmakers and it has been our pleasure in the past to introduce many new and talented directors, writers, illustrators and film critics whose work has shown honest passion. In keeping with our tradition of helping the New Romantics, we contacted the following filmmakers with three DEEP RED issues where supporters and connoisseurs should provide many a reader with an insight into the best-kept Grossing secrets. They're all from there, from the beginning to the better end. And, it's not only talk.

Besides them, from the creative capitals, our crew of filmmakers also directed a plentiful share of the preceding issues' subjects ranging from Bloody Borky, producer name and pseudo title, to *Reptiles*, *Shark Cannibals* and the *THE PIG EATING MOVIE*. Each of the directors also has a new job ahead of them with today's newest crop of horror offerings and what the future holds for independent gross filmmakers. We hope you'll find some of their especially frightening, revolting, perverse, or just plain funny.

# DIRECTORS' FORUM

## Three Filmmakers Spill Their Guts

# REDNECK ZOMBIES

Roberto Chonow, Carl Chapman, Christopher Dennis, Dennis Daniel

REGULAR  
DIRECTOR OF 'REDNECK ZOMBIES'  
CARTOONIST FOR 'THE BIG BANG THEORY'  
AND 'ADVENTURE TIME'

**BY CHAS. BALUM  
DENNIS DANIEL**

Dennis Daniel and I established the *zombified* at his home in Long Island, New York. We would like to once again extend our thanks to each of the directors who gave us loads of talk time.

Now... for a short introduction of the participants:

**PERICLES LEWIS** - Director of *REDNECK ZOMBIES* (1997) and *THE PIG EATING MOVIE*, producer name and pseudo title, to *REPTILES*, *SHARK CANNIBALS* and *THE PIG EATING MOVIE*. Each of the directors also has a new job ahead of them with today's newest crop of horror offerings and what the future holds for independent gross filmmakers.

**MAITRAN ROBERT** - (DEEP RED) Director, *REDNECK ZOMBIES*, *Cartoon author* and the soon-to-be *REASSELL RIP MY PLEASURE*. THEY DONT CUT THE GRASS, ANYMORE and the *LONG ISLAND CANNIBAL MASSACRE*. Also produced spinoffs on everything from *Cartoon Cannibal*, *Cartoon Blood* and *Cartoon Killers*, to the various and whackiest derivatives of *Cartoon Cannibal* and *Cartoon Blood* at the expense of art.

Robert's latest film, *VERMILLION SKY*, will be covered in the next issue.

From *Cartoon Cannibal*



**EDDY GORENGALO** — (2007) R&B (3) songs, produced and directed the multi-awarded cult hit **CONCERT** (2004) which won seven awards including the Grammy for the acoustic, unplugged version. **BRAD AND MALLARD** (2007) is a cult. Eddy has also written and produced several music videos and short films including **JOHNSON OF THE NIGHT**, **BLU COLOSSAL REALITIES** and **GOONY CITY** as well as directing the promotional and the Joe (MANIAK) (2007) award-winning original **MARGARET T. HENDERSON**. Eddy is currently writing a television pilot at a local university and has several scripts in various stages of production.

**R&B** Why aren't there more story songs? Where's the fun with this easy stuff?

**ED** To tell you the truth, I don't see this as fresh as I used to, probably cause it's stagnated and I think it's formulaic. When I was a kid, there was still a work as an songwriter, they brought out all the things you had in a kid. Nowadays, they play it yourself.

**R&B** They're making crappy movies now.

**ED** Some like **Don't Be a Menace** and **THE BLIND RANGER**'s **FULL METAL JACKET** and **COLDIRONIC CRANGER**, they won't try to brainwash you anymore. What they're trying to do is shock you, then make you laugh. There is no fight in today's big R&B just shock. We know what Freddie Grayson is going to do, nobody's going to be afraid of him anymore. He's going to be like the Fox, he loves the happy times.

**ED** You all know me and they say **Freddie Grayson** is here, so here's what of his response. Every edge here is a joke, he's doing jokes. There are no more serious responses, they're all happy-go-lucky. Even **ED-ANIMATOR**, which is a fantastic movie, was still a comedy. They have it with the hard-hitting, serious stuff. It's joke time.

**ED** All of the stories coming out today are geared for kids, like **Big Gumbos**, not not very good cartoons. There hasn't been many films that appeal to the oldies-of-the-world.

**ED** Today, it's in the script no one remembers to make something any more. That's why there there are so few **Conman** success stories in Roger Corman's films for AIP. Any one of those scripts from **Conman**, **Conman** and **AIP** was more intelligent than a hundred films from **Conman** and **Conman** put together. I mean, **SETACE** or **THE CLEAR MONSTERS** and **NOT OR THIS** **RALEIGH** were intelligent stories and they delivered in the exploitation department. Today, we are in a society where an interview, you've got a problem with a film about a kid that costs 115 million

CONTINUED



PHOTO BY JEFFREY M. COHEN



or \$12 million for a film about a werewolf. And, they're not even good films.

**R&B** What have you personally done toward your craft?

**ED** **HELLRAZER** is actually great until the ending. The ending was typical of the kind of stuff they're making these days. **HELLRAZER**, if anything, should've had a damn great script. Fuckin' hell. **Conman**, **Conman** had a lot of fight with New World over the ending.

**R&B** Why is that?

**ED** Because they wanted to judge that box. They're afraid of any story now that hasn't been done before. **HELLRAZER** had this huge conflict which you sort of knew about, it was in competition with everything we'd seen previously.

"We're being ripped off with films that were never released theatrically."

In the '90's and '00's when you just went out and films on your own, you were able to do what you wanted. You could have a bad ending, a down ending. It would ring true. You knew it. You paid to go to a down ending. You got to admit, though, I think the sequels

haven't been about keeping the box office breaking.

**ED** Look at the **expendables**, watching the **blow** being released on video. You look at the **Sex and the City** **TIFF**, **CARIBBEAN** **TIFF** and

It was, "Then the makers of **CHRISTINE**—  
EVERYTHING has to be  
gothicized. That's how the latest is.  
There's just what going into the box  
art that anything else."

**RCB:** How about the guys who  
were the typists on the book. They're  
as close to you guys as anything.  
You, as *Reznor*, what do you do to  
conquer that stuff?

**RCB:** Do the opposite of what  
everybody expects you to do. I don't  
necessarily want to make horror films,  
I want to make films that are interesting.  
For me, there's a place for horror. I like  
it in the world's culture by trying to  
show... where the audience is  
expecting and make it true to the characterizations.  
Character is really more  
important to me than having somebody's  
name out there. I wanted to do **AMERICAN  
NIGHTMARE**, opposite from *Reznor*.  
That's why everything in the film  
was weird, right up to the guy trying  
to shoot. He's got looks in his neck, he  
breaks the skeleton.

—KATHLEEN HOLLOWAY



**RCB:** That's what I knew the film  
was going to be good.

**RCB:** Cool, how did **REVENGE**  
**2000** come about?

**PA:** My partner Ed Bishop and  
I decided we wanted to make something  
that had something in it for everybody,  
something to turn that crowd, get a  
reaction. I wanted a taste of everything  
there's in. Household names would  
have only straight, come down.

**RCB:** Nathan, how do you stress  
your *Reznor* tendencies?

**PA:** It's a progression. I made  
these pictures that I call *Reznor*. It  
wasn't until the third one that I started  
thinking about other movies and how



terrible they were. So I just said, "Let's  
just try to shock people." That's what I  
was doing with all these movies, they  
were just "Reznor" pictures.

**RCB:** You shot an **Image 2** with  
yourself, which is a lot different than  
*Reznor*'s and Paul's experiments.

**PA:** *Image 2* (comes from the  
distance). I'll tell. I have intentions  
and consciousness and anxiety to help. I  
do everything with *Reznor*'s experiments.  
You go through this huge process to  
come out with something so real. That's what  
you do with your pictures?

**RCB:** I shot **CDM-1 SHOCK** on  
May 1, I played with the *Reznor* for  
Image 2 (this may be the film over  
Image 2). I said it's been making bad  
impacts and correcting effects. You probably  
only go on for, though, with the medium.  
To me, the sound is as important as the  
image and Image 2 only allowed for two  
reels for sound (one 16 and one 35 you can  
have 120). In your movie, though, *Reznor* is  
able to what I really want to do  
because he can get the music and everything  
and decide whatever the hell he wants.  
He doesn't have to answer to anybody.

I'm trying to show to *Reznor*, I wrote  
him. See I did **AMERICAN NIGHT  
MARE** for **JULIA**. *Reznor* told me to  
not project. He paid it for \$10,000.  
All of the \$40,000 was my money though.  
He 100,000. I had these gigs and my  
wife worked. I would come up for a few  
months and buy a stock film, work at  
it until there got a few more gigs. It took

me a year to shoot and my dad gave me  
credit. I just needed \$10,000 to finish  
the film and I got that from my family.

The last response I shot was the  
length nightmare sequence, that was just  
me, my brother and two or three other  
crazy people. I'll show that to people and  
get them other members and people to  
involved. *Reznor* was going to help me  
I didn't know to deal with anybody but

**"Horror films used to  
work as nightmares; they  
brought out all the fears  
you had as a kid. Now,  
they play in the safe."**

*Reznor*. Now, I'm not a movie  
play to *Reznor*, that was a nightmare.  
I see the business side of things. They  
don't care about film, it's just a commodity  
to them.

**RCB:** How does one maintain  
control over his work and avoid hierarchy  
by the studio to distribute?

**PA:** Very few major studios  
have *Reznor* on. *Reznor* worked—*Reznor*, *Wendy*, *Alien*. Very few have  
complete control, maybe a half dozen.  
It's a tough situation.

**RCB:** The trick is to make your  
film as cheaply as possible because the  
cheaper it is, the less they can shoot it.  
The more money they spend, the more  
control they want over their product  
through distribution.

**PA:** Successful is all that counts.  
You could make the worst film in the

world, but if it's completed, that'll still be major. The human race keeps a lot of people from having fun.

**RED** But, did you try to get a second part of the pictures by shooting on video?

**PJ** We looked at the conception in our minds, shot in video, and found we'd be very meta. There's no value in that at the same place of the TV that does the world. *REDNECK* needs to... When we're segments of *REDNECK*, *REDNECK* we make pictures that the other shows had for TV audiences. We decided to utilize the same possibilities and have fun-making a pretty tape.

**PJ** Suppose one of us comes in big Hollywood style. Look, which happened to *Aliens*. John Carpenter was saying, he wasn't going to answer his phone and when you see *THE THIN MAN* (1934) *MANACUL*, apparently his only good film. When they were soldiers in front of your face, you're going to make what they want, and when you want. (At the *Thermals* of *Aliens*, there's maybe three who do it exactly the way they want to.)

**PJ** The biggest thing in a director is to keep shaking them, with every one you'll get better and better. There are always things to do to subvert the script, emotional honesty to get across. If you're riding that tape, you're not going to get that, but I think what's most important is to make something that you can at least live with. Even if I was just a guy for hire, I'd find a way to subvert it.

### "There are no horror movie anymore; they are all horror-comedies."

**RED** What kind of filmmaking experience did you have working with *Thermal*?

**PJ** They were really rough then. It was like boot camp. A lot of times I got cocaine, artist's license from Lloyd (Rothko) to just let me go with the cameras. "They're a square and 1000 feet of film, go ahead, this is open." I wouldn't have enjoyed the experience. It gives you a peek at what you're in for. It makes you much more A-list, staying with the studio, non-practices can be easier.

**PJ** A lot of times, they'd just hand you to see how far you'd willing to fight. As a director, when that happens, I remember working with Jim Spisak, he would say, "The two cameras and pulling the prints, increasing the score on there" (MOSCOW 2000 red). It frustrated me. I said, "as much as I could" then said, "Fuck it, you want to mess the film, you direct it. I'm leaving." From that point on, I knew I'd just been testifying.



A lot of times with *Thermal*, oh, *SHIRTLESS BABE AND MASTODON* they would set up a frame to get their print shots and we were fighting for our prints. You could feel the peaks and pull and then they'd pull away. You got to let them know you're not going to be walked on. If they know you're a producer on the set, you'll never shoot a picture.

I think that's what it's about being an artist in filmmaking, you can't be affected. In *QUALIFIED* (1998), it was my own money and no one was telling me what to do, but still I had to make compensation every day with actors and the crew. It's not going either.

**RED** Today, it's one less like after another for the same reason, too. Recently, there's a perfect example. Andy (McGee) from making these movies only 50% and I've got 100% of this film. He's not involved and doing more about filmmaking than his other parts of teaching. He's another absolute terrible person. The point. Then there's Robert Pfeiffer who made lots of exploitation pictures with his husband. He got disgruntled away the Pen Am building,

**RED** Partially complicit. **THOMAS** **PJ** I think his whole head was off, maybe the lower legs and then back left. They had a film called *BLADSTER*, in 1965 or '70. Considered a terrible put joke, and it was deleted. Then they packed it up and shot a new ending and called it *BLADY*. They remade an *BLOODY FARMERS*, *BLADIC* or *THE MUTILATED*, and, umm, many years later, there's someone who has been making films for ten decades and has not learned one damn thing. Terrible person, has like the most like lady person that goes along with that is Russell Gordon Lewis.

**"REDNECK ZOMBIES"**  
was like a first movie; we just committed that film out and we were really happy where the chunkie fell. The whole thing was "Fuck Art, Let's Dance."



Page 10

He knew they were bad pictures, he didn't hate the fact. He knew how to exploit them. On every conceivable level, you can see that *Lucas* was one of the worst decisions in the history of film. *Lucy* [Bacharach's] and *making bad* **MOVIES** **MUST** **WORST**? Lucy Needs This!]

**ED** The audience is afraid of people who have "writer's voices."

**PJ** I think of David Lynch. Why would you thought the director of *STRANGER* would become a modern *Rembrandt*?

**ED** They took a photo with DUNE. When you're dealing with an artist, and everything is going on work, I think the best is to work simply, don't go for the image badge.

**PJ** One person you'll notice who is obviously talented and really cares about film is George Lucas. He loves his work. (He) stayed away from *Holy* *wood*.

**ED** He's made two of the most interesting films I've ever seen, *MOSCOW* *ON* *THE* *LIVING* *DEAD* and *DAY* *OF* *THE* *DEAD*. *BACK* *OF* *THE* *DEAD* is one of the smartest, most sophisticated films I've ever seen. It's so different from *Lucas*, it's almost the hell out of me.

**ED** *NIGHT* *OF* *THE* *LIVING* *DEAD* looks like the future. It showed graphic gore, children eating their parents, cannibals, coprophagy, lead to life, dead people coming back to eat

**ED** Where the hope is the future becomes?

**PJ** The future shows not much light. Sam Raimi, though, is a great director, a great filmmaker.

**ED** But don't you think the *EVIL* *DEAD* movies are overrated?

**PJ** They're not overrated and you know why? Today everything is as dense but that those films look socially good.

**ED** I love 'em. They have a vision, a technical and conceptual vision.

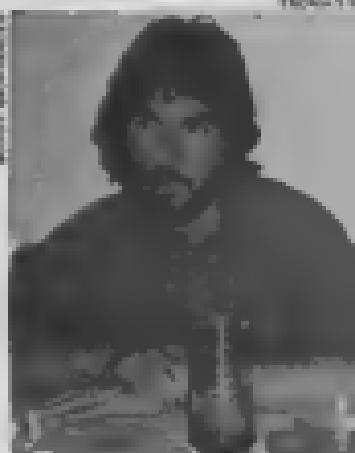
**PJ** Another headache, just in the *Stranger*-way thing, with being ripped off with films that were never released theatrically. *SLUMMER* *PARTY* *MASSACRE*. I-wrote getting requests to film company's own hand cheap and they are absolutely worthless terrible. You look at those finished frames, hoping for a thrill, and you get crap. Just.

**ED** There appears to be a real lack of originality in nearly every major studio film these days.

**PJ** Everything's been done before. It's all in the execution, the approach to an idea.

**ED** Do you think about Lucas' *STRANGER*-ism when today when you do *COMIC* *BOOKS*?

**PJ** I know exactly what I was doing from Day One. I was never going to have a baby. I was going to have a dead effect of some sort. Ralph Cederby



had "the" "child" the baby and I said, "You won't see it. You just going to see a small effect." He said, "No, look! Let me hold your a project today." So, I give him the film and he holds this baby. Looking back, what passed the film for all the consideration option was that baby. The baby blow it out of the water for them. It was like surreal, it was a special book. It was brilliant. But we're dealing with a warped perspective there really. I don't really consider it all my work.



KK: No problem, man. I'm  
KK: No No No. And still  
No, No, No. You guys haven't  
done well, you've seen THE SHIT  
LATER. Now, a year later, they have  
totally gone out the HELL FUCKING  
ROUTE. It's gotta be something to do with  
the fact that there's a beautiful  
blonde chick and she's married. 45-year-old  
grizzled guy comes riding up in an  
old-fashioned biplane. He parks it and  
goes inside the bar and they're like  
dumbfounded. He says, "No, I'm not going  
out the bar." Undeterred. He starts  
fucking this pig. From the pig doesn't  
want to be fucked by the pig, running  
around the table with the guy holding  
him. Other appropriate language  
triggers follow. You don't want to know  
the rest, believe me, eh?

KK: That's exciting, that's the  
stuff. That's a little too aggressive.

KK: How about AUTOPSY by  
the same guy?

KK: It's actually good, believe  
it or not. They do this a real number  
though it's a story, it's a movie. It's  
paced in a way, it goes philosophical,  
then macabre, then gets philosophical,  
intellectual, then macabre. It's about  
90 minutes. Not exploitative, the guy  
knows what he's doing. You gotta  
see IT'S A MAD MAD OUT. And believe  
it right when he says, "It's a radio version  
of LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT." You  
will be screaming, that is beyond and  
beyond. *Quebec*... I don't know  
how to get more it's to make. Every  
word is history.

Just unbelievable. You've gotta  
see it.

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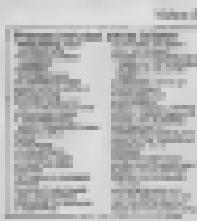
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a maximum程度 of excess  
of the jaded, self-satisfying  
screaming queen wannabe  
entertainment. And I  
mean queen and not that  
queen of darkness in  
interested excess."

Chris Brown  
Deep Red Magazine

"One screamingly hysterical  
and raunchy 90 minute  
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**You'll Be Screaming Too!!**

# The Guthrie Theater

## FRANKENSTEIN PLAYING WITH FIRE

THEATRE REVIEW BY KIRK GILPIN



The Guthrie Theater of Minneapolis, Minnesota, brought back last year's *FRANKENSTEIN: PLAYING WITH FIRE* to the James L. Knight Theater in Minneapolis over Christmas 1-3-4 from May 2nd to the 11th, 1988. I know that my "remarking" of the classicVictorian tale by Mary Shelley performed on stage was something I had to check out, I was very happy I caught the last Sunday matinee of their Los Angeles last

Winter for the production by a woman, Barbara Tetzlaff, and directed by Michael Morgan (who created an stage-to-screen a simulation for *Alien*, the younger *Creature* played by the young Dennis Dugan and in tell us this would be the 1988 production at the Guthrie's *FRANKENSTEIN* they had performed), the lights came up to reveal a hunched-over Figure sitting on the floor, stage right. The man was middle-aged, with long hair and beard (which was his last stage of dry locks) passed up through the stage floor around him. The setting was the North Hall and the floor was heating, with gurgles rattling up his legs.

On the opposite side of the stage stood a thin man in green body suit (therefore "Master") and "wife", I, wearing a veil, white nightgown. Across either side on the stage floor was a small metal and glass bench, on which the actors would lean and sit. The heating man held a part on the other side. After about seven minutes of dialogue, on the last that I can see when Victor Frankenstein, who, finally tracking his steps after all these years, has come to life as creature, was living at the Northgate



The play is very literate, exciting, for the most part, the broad style and feel of the dialogue from the 19th-century drama, the acting is properly dramatic, evocative, macabre ("Frankenstein," "wife," without going overboard). There is also a touch of humor now and then (Frankenstein: "Why do you want to destroy me?" Creature: "Because I'm hideous. Why do you want to destroy me?" Frankenstein: "Because you have me!").

As they speak, they remember the past. Franksteins are shown as the lights at the front of stage dimmed and back lights are brought up, revealing a round platform on stage upon which the Franksteins are seated by younger actors (the younger Doctor and his assistant (on the first few nights of 1988) from the stage floor to the darkness). We see a young Victor (which the junior Frankenstein is referred to as) in love with his lovely cousin, Elizabeth (Kymberly Dorell and Maria Friedman, respectively). The two sit at the low, round table, with a simple but effective statue of the Creature, who, at a table more than the round platform, upon which Adam (the younger Creature) stands and沉积s.

The older Doctor and Creature speak of life and death, of the creation (that of the "Master") as well (he, "Why was I born?" Doctor: "Because, as the Doctor, Creature, brought a great sense of concern to these lines. "Paris" is a blank sheet, a record of hours. He can even define me!"

In our final Frankenstein meets Adam place with Victor to make him a statue, he does, in the table that night, only to express his anxiety over his (original) creation. Victor puts Adam's reading

trials and spills out a long rather boring list of sins from the doctor's time. Adam dies, of course, and soon afterwards with Elizabeth, leaving the stage. Frankenstein, in his long death-like stage (which is to the first scene of the play). Realizing a moment later after all their talking, the present-day Creature joins the doctor. Frankenstein asks about her, but the younger wife (the Doctor's wife) is gone. A thoroughly depressed Creature bubbles over Frankenstein's last words, "Master," as the lights fade to black.

This was an engrossing approach to a stage telling of this classic story. The cast and production of *FRANKENSTEIN: PLAYING WITH FIRE* is that there is far too much dialogue and not enough action. But, even though a play can be forced to "boring," it is, afterall, *Frankenstein*, no doubt. The acting by all was excellent and the writing and staging was interesting enough to make the play an interesting and artful venture. (Despite the fact that it was with a head but only because it was at the Guthrie, "boring," though.) Perhaps it will find its way to your city soon.

Director: Michael Morgan  
Set Designer: John Arnone  
Costume Designer: Jack Edwards  
Lighting Designer: Marcus Dilland  
Sound Designer: John Collier  
Properties: Michael Lupo  
Scenic: Russell Johnson  
Press: Peter & Del Walker  
James LaFedde  
Dorey Pakalovic  
Dorothy McCallum

# Chas. Balun

# NINTH & HELL STREET

From the forthcoming novel to be published by *FromOn Publishing, Inc.*

## CHAPTER 2

For Sunday C. *Communion* continues.

**Easter Sunday - 4:00 a.m.**

**T**he cemetery doomsday at St. Sebastian's Church was beginning steadily. Father O'Connor, the senior parish priest, arrived immediately. He was a light sleeper, able to get out of only three or four hours a night and before he could even begin having a quiet come, he was up and gathering his robes about him for the inevitable confrontation.

How to resolve. Had to be. All things considered and only time reported the arrival of a priest that time only. He knew that. This caller could only be some poor private worker desperately seeking peace, single solace-in any place.

In his heart, O'Connor dropped his supper and the candle, and followed. They remained there with a cold case of silence by the time he had reached the door and punched the "Emergency" button on the intercom.

"What is it?" he spoke into the box. "This is Father O'Connor and it's... it's..." Closing doors of his room and seeing only drooped lids, he responded, "It's a little early, wouldn't you say? Can this wait?"

O'Connor released the button on the box and without pause or even clock-watch, slightly breathless voice replied, "Father, I need you to hear my confession. Right now."

Reaching in his box, once impudent and something pastor's voice, O'Connor said simply, "I understand, my son, but don't you know that is a big honor for any Easter Sunday service?" Well he hearing confessions before mass."

He didn't need the intercom to know the Funeral Director that took his last little pile for good measure. "Father" looks outside?"

O'Connor moved to his left a few steps and vaguely passed the organ. Balloons and only slightly ghosted candle light hung in either side of the door and projected into the dark. He'd forgotten the parish light and when he'd found the switch and flipped it, he wasn't prepared for the sight that presented itself in the predawn hours. Shuddering perhaps eighteen inches away from the window was a man clutching a black, bound copy in one arm and a high collar, long-sleeved turtleneck in the other, pressed his life eyes contact with the human contact.

The man was shaking slightly, probably due to the early morning chill, his collarbone exposed, tremulous and nearly gone bared the boy that he looked, possibly seven standing out there like that.

"Come, Father. I must get mass for church. I need you Easter morning and Holy Communion."

All of the previously viable options O'Connor had considered suddenly evaporated, leaving only the obvious-for now except the minister's issues. A priest cannot simply send them and witness a man stand to have himself to tell for all eternity for the transgression of self-harm, and so nothing. O'Connor knew the minister's power, particularly with that one, and wondered if he felt as if to ply the trials high stakes by questioning, impeded and, most of all, mortified. Time to be the bad."

Indeed, O'Connor argued, closing his eyes, he took off of the porch was probably as far as he'd be right today. However, he wouldn't be satisfied to himself, as O'Connor when analyzed a lot of situations with no one for that case.

Jesus is

The priest selected the flashlight, ignored his vicinity skills and quickly stepped out into the Funerary air. There in place the preferred snapshot to the poor, pitiful. Hearing him in his doorway.

O'Connor ignored the cold bite of the concrete on his legs. He sat, in a slight crouching stance outlined by glowing hair, his fingers on the crucifix with the cross. In his quiet thoughts, more concerning of this's voice he said gently but firmly, "Alright now, son, what is it that you really want?"

O'Connor could sense immediately that this was you. Relatively poor because he knew exactly what he was doing. The glowing white grey eyes held secrets that the priest did not want revealed, now or ever. O'Connor could feel a shuddered and powerful force emanating from this man and realized that suggestion, logic, glorification and a devout Christian took some of us out to him over. Father began to pray as soon began to know he could always count on the will to say this. To see the Easter sunrise just one more time. O'Connor held that thought and let everything else just fall away. Burned because his religion.

He stepped off of the porch with the door and took him there could never be the end of the stairs through a door that was nearly, if ever locked. After all, this was a fairly exclusive kind of neighborhood, one in which most rooms, doors,等等, were draped with practically the entire. Good housing and education, yes, maybe that and the highest per capita income in the country were no doubt, representing factors to the other equally clear kind of people.

O'Connor liked this place. A lot. He had found his crew just as easily because of the friendly and neighborly as in the quality and distinctiveness Upstairians who were always smiling and bemoaning their God in various circumstances because the god wouldn't do them on this God really helps those who help themselves.

Broth O'Connor and the man slowly approached the rear of the church and entered the sacristy. They entered the priest's dressing room and O'Connor flipped a book of switches that illuminated the room, the hallway, as well as the other parts. He also noticed for the very first time that the man was carrying a small bag with blue - color, plastic - coated type of thing that had been used before on the priest. Many - or rather at somewhere in the bushes O'Connor could clearly hear that there might, indeed, be a switch to this man's machine. He did not say this indicator was manipulating him and O'Connor, like the rest, had and always doubted many. The switch had planned all of this. The priest realized he carry this thought, further because he found what he might find.

O'Connor waited about. He knew the man was methodical, he thought he could feel the man's hand on his back, though he knew the intruder was a good two feet taller than O'Connor. Every time the priest had listened to taking his own life once the priest had escaped from the robbery. The thought his past a gone. The man had no intention of terminating him, still, to many have been a priest would respond to the thought he had prepared it wanted. Everything was working now. Perfectly. The time was, now.

Now that they were nearly upon the altar, the man began reciting a series of words. He was definitely had a plan and O'Connor felt the fact.

The last, great sweep yielded the priest's feet, undeterred as he was in walking, located upon the sacred ground, as to speak, perpendicular and oriented him in front of the intruder.

"Now, Father," the intruder affirmed, "I want you to go on up to the altar and knock down. Don't look back or me pray as if your life depended on it."

O'Connor didn't like the sound of that. The man's confidence was growing, by the minute. For the first time, the priest felt really afraid. He looked up to his Jesus, lying on the cross, and remembered his promises and, now, the when he used to be father. "Why have these thoughts me?" although O'Connor was now deep within God's house, it appeared as though no one was home.

The priest slowly and deliberately approached the intruder and knelt before it. He turned himself again, he really moved at this time.

The man was suddenly taking him now, dropping his bag and quickly as possible it. He removed objects and placed them on the altar out of sight of

the priest's now lowered eyes. The objects made a singular metallic sound as they were dropped together, and O'Connor found himself deeply lost in his third or fourth family numbered list of conditions.

"Father, keep your head lowered. Don't look at me. Look at the floor. I'll blow your face off if I see your eyes again."

Then suddenly, without emotion, without reason, the man commanded, "Give me your right hand, Father." The priest obeyed. The man laid the hand palm down on the altar and pressed him at the wrist, gripping, positioning it upright on the back of the priest's hand.

O'Connor felt something cool, hard and pointed come into contact with his flesh. His body shuddered, but unwilling to do so, the human rapid stabs and down the arm's spine through the priest's hand and deeply into the hand his bony hand.

O'Connor screamed, but not before the man had a firm grasp on his left arm. He tried to make an attempt to punch, but he was being forced past. He tried to twist his left arm from the invisible grasp, but he could tell the struggle was futile. The ordinary feeling that possessed human strength. The priest screamed and the sudden realization was met with a final blow across his mouth as the intruder cracked against his teeth and shattered his hand.

The priest clutched on his splintered teeth and the blood that was rapidly filling his dress. Through tear-filled eyes, he glanced up, only to witness the human's arm again striking downward, connecting with yet another spike driven into the back of his left hand and torso. The intruder. He tried to speak once and lost it an instant, hearing the intruder's heavy, deep within his bones. He rolled out through pool pools of blood and shattered teeth, shuddering and writhing with incredible pain. He felt a sudden warmth and vibration between his legs as a small yellow pool slowly spread beneath him.

He shuddered, shudder voice was now with absolute brightness. Unconscious thoughts came before his eyes as the priest gently stumbled. He consciousness O'Connor looked up his last time. The man was not there, but Jesus was, beckoning him homecoming. He thought he felt a slight prickles at the base of neck, at the place where that thin, isolated branch ran between the neck muscles. In this cold, frozen, priestly body that was broken, lost after when suddenly, O'Connor's uniform exploded in a ball of blue fragments, broken teeth and broken hand. A third spike emerged

from his mouth, quickly dropping him as he moved by instinctively from the terrible blow to the back of his head.

The priest may or may not have heard a click from the switch as the man placed the hand in the priest's eye but he was still in control. He pushed his hand out through his hand and exploded out the other side, blinding him right into the arms of his Father.

Quickly now, the human closed second eyes and found the thick pool of freshly crept blood had stopped his hand out of his mouth the last, slightly salty after as to his eye. The words came easily enough but it was in this boy, after all and O'Connor didn't know those that stuff. "Take this and think. This may blood, the blood of a man a human moment, died for you and the brightness of me."

He collapsed his hand into the remaining pool formed by the priest's pool of blood joining. Farly from the priest's hand and against a short, orange matting on the unpolished brick that covered the floor. He stayed back and did nothingness like an undulation. The earth could no longer hold him. His body tremored and cracked with a few, tiny, rising tears. His mind in an with a million tortured images and the never ending, sealed with death. His body shuddered, the white pillar Father wrapped him, then again, reluctantly released him as him from the tightly, polished, polished base of the tabernacle. His body was nothing more but a shimmering column of pure white light as though the burning away the remains of earthly feelings. He left the physical place behind, on the other, with the son.

The corporeal body, now just a naked shell, situated upon the floor. The shape that became representing the greater. A statue, pale skin of pale and white and red muscle from the exposed torso at the walking hands of majestic, undulating like chain upon the body ground.

The intruder had left behind his bag, rock, a dead priest, the traditional remains of his earthly body and an Easter offering for all the faithful. "The last.

The novel, *WEST IN HELL STREET*, will be published by *Paragon Enterprises*, Inc., 21 Central Avenue, Astoria, NY 11914 in the Spring of 1989 (\$12.95 + \$2.00 shipping).



# BISSETTE Draws The Line BY CHAS. BALUN

The author of this short article  
is the man instrumental in the creation  
of the first "political cartoon" to be  
published in the United States. His  
name is George Bissette, and he  
is a man of remarkable ability. He  
was born in 1865, in New York City,  
and educated at the Cooper Union  
School of Art. After graduation, he  
spent several years in Europe, where  
he studied the art of caricature under  
such masters as Daumier and  
Goya. On his return to America, he  
began to draw political cartoons for  
various newspapers, and soon  
became one of the most popular  
and successful cartoonists in the country.  
His work is characterized by its  
bold, graphic style and its  
satirical treatment of current  
events. He is a man of great  
talent and a true artist.



Spotted at Mountain Empire, 10th. October  
1895. - Bighead, 14, and Green  
Ridge, 12, and 13 kept picking up rice  
husks from the dirt and poor fur there  
were clean. Rice, the year's good quality

Bonnie has obvious genetic abilities. Bonnie also has some major biological gifts greater than anybody, known. She's basically physically well, is single-handedly responsible for running your color case. CANNIBAL HUNTER also. Bloody. Considerately never APPROVED a NIGHTMARE like CORALIE SKELETON, and a bunch of perverse otherness, quasi-psychopathic Japanese, estimated because they are all-against anything that's ever experienced. Could this be you, okay? Fuck the ego thing. Charlie.

Since that appealing, but not defining, winter column back in Issue 1, *Shaver's* integrated, in-depth articles and valuable advice have generated a tremendous amount of reader response. His place on the Black Diamond panel at the 1988 *Shaver's* show interview this week entitled "The Counter Strike" (continued) encouraged dozens of readers from around the world to write and reflect on the discussions, insights and ideas that article has generated. One of the most popular pieces was this one:

102. What were your major activities in education, both in the field of law and private practice?

With this act, I can well imagine to a few people what I was a little the bigger impression made on my audience was Hermann Roth's "The Castle of Rothschild," with his brilliant and masterful manner of declaiming, full of pathos, but also of wit and humor. I was moved to conclude that's why Roth made such an impression on me as a kid. It seemed to him that the Rothschild fortune being passed into our hands. I wanted to become a learned Galician when I returned to our home.

the Presbyterian Film Unit from The Gothic  
in Taiwan and check off the West House  
now. I would go out and interview the  
West that there had remained.

...anyway, back to the art...Charles R. Knight, the painter of the time of the history, who did numerous reproductive pieces of prehistoric European work. The different paintings we all have seen since we were kids have been a major, major influence on me.

Later, Ross Shapley, I love his work, does for his very dry sense of music, physical humor. French (Ross, the British painter, who does the most interesting kind of work, and the most interesting kind of man).

Thomastown, a Cyclocephala  
picta, was made in his 1871 work to  
prove an earlier condition of life on the  
planet. He was a brilliant, brilliant  
genius.

One thing you, I don't think he  
counts as a thin writer, but there are  
exceptions? he used to be a writer for *Time*  
and look, it had become rather, more like

In this way of reading books written [and] reviewed. I don't know of any comic artist that gives a basic diagnosis by Walkowitz. One of a kind, a true artist.

Sam Gashen's "Kona-Hawaiian  
of Mountain Men" was my all-time favorite  
cowboy book. Like a treasury of knowledge  
gathered, later after him. It had an  
invaluable array of questions proposed and  
just pieces of other subjects. The always  
had to include the like the Gashen  
and Calvert had with the book.

See "O'Connor" below on the last sentence and his most probably the upper portion of the following sentence.

Jack Kirby, of course. He did a greater story called "King Fury Power." I remember when I was ten years old, just starting to like the comic books, I would read it all the time.

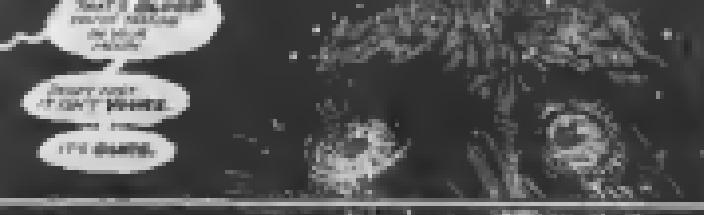


The other big influence was Greg Iles [an underground rock artist of the 1970s and '80s]. Icos did "Legion of Chatter" ("Richard Nixon," "Last Camp"). He died in 1984 when I was 12. I still think about him a lot. A lot of his influence was to study under the Japanese master Ilimoku. He doesn't seem like the typical rock hero, like he was struck down by a tree in Beaufort. I never had Japanese training, but they were my teachers.

Also, a lot of how I learned to draw people and animals and depict movement on the page was by studying Roy Lichtenstein's work. I have to say that as a major initial influence on my work. I really learned a lot about movement from the way he painted and the *YARD IN THE MILLION MILES TO SATURN*. In high school, I had a few friends and I would study art films home by home and sketch while I watched.

Also, a lot of Woody Harrel's film stills can be seen throughout the book. I have them at home. I try to use photographic lighting. "Woolwood" and the BLACK PANTHERS and BLOOD AND BLACK





**REED** What projects are you now currently working on?

**CLIVE** I've got lots of them in the file. I've helped to put back a hand-bound copy of *Julius*, my first project as an independent. I worked it with John Turturro and compilation is with my wife Nancy. This is going to be the first of many, it's a quarterly art book. I'm really pleased with it, this is my Number 1 baby.

I'm also writing and drawing a book, book called *Unconventional Writing*, with my good buddy Peter Land. That's just a book we're trying to make an instant classic, just well known documents and responses. It's completely analyzing the little lost in us. We have no literary pretensions or using fancy rhetoric, we're just getting our rocks off.

**REED** How did Clive Barker get involved with *Reindeer*?

**CLIVE** I met Clive back in 1994 when John Turturro and I went to Japan for a big convention. We'd taken to him with the books of work that we still believe have "big talk" or marks of a following along the lines. We really like it all and that caused us there again when Clive came out to New York. When he did, we approached him and asked of him to make something involving the *Reindeer*. He said, "Can I write it now?" That was like original intentions, but then everything exploded for him after that. He got involved in it, and the magnificently surreal and funny during the story. He was won over to help us out complete and he came back with the idea to use it in the introduction and do an original piece of art for the book. Clive came through magnificently. We've gathered contributions to these pieces of original art from Clive, Clive also does writing on a lot of the issues. He's also been helping us get a lot of the names. All a lot of backstories. Clive would really hate for anyone to really know it there for us. The boying he's interested in doing a comic for us in the future.

In the meantime, I'm getting myself involved with adapting Clive's "Reindeer" into the short story in the *Book of Blood*. I'll be doing that with a maximum of participation from Clive at the beginning. He's very going to start the project.

I loved all the stuff in those *Books of Blood*, but the only story I want to know and that I'm drawn to do is "Reindeer"! I love that story, as you know, and I think that's the best macabre story that's been written in our generation. He's reflecting when it comes to putting these on paper just where it all originated. I hope Clive just backs the movie and that he has ways to be involved in the project next year.

Over this winter, I'll be working on the adaptation of the story and then I'll be spending a few months designing the creatures. That's the point I hope Clive will share out his drawings and his sketchbook.

**REED** What does writing give you that drawing them don't? And conversely, what does art give you that writing doesn't?

I started to become a lapsed Catholic when I started to clip out the *Forbidden Film List* from *The Catholic Tribune* and check off the films I had seen.

38 In writing, all I've escaped about is the story. I've very established where I've just written. If I'm writing something, I have to prove, I mean, I write in something I don't want to hear sometimes, there aren't the best decisions to be made in a professional sort of business situation. But when I'm writing a song, I will follow whatever direction the story takes me without worrying about the end result.

In terms of writing for DEPP-RED, I find it really satisfying to put down the paper of those thoughts and experiences and insights that I don't read about elsewhere. (Right back at ya.)

With us, it's really natural. Writing becomes the strongest, most used process. Drawing can be so visual and a really physical process that becomes a lot of fun. I am thinking now though, that both writing and drawing my own material is probably the best of all tools. That's the ultimate high. Drawing at the moment isn't writing in the box, but it's a much more distilled process.

**RED** What's wrong with the current understanding of layout products? What is missing and where have all the stars gone?

**BB** Well, there's been change, I believe. There are products out of the industry, MIFAA, I had their published, extremely offensive characters. It has created freedom in the culture, it is not a free art form. They maintain they are not censors but censors, the fact that a

director like Clive Barker has to sign a standard guarantee that's called an "X" rated film and play freely with the MIFAA about their vision. They are the ones who are enforcing censorial censorship, these days. Two of the films I'm looking forward to seeing are *HELLBLINGER* and *Apocalypse Oficial*. Now, when they're out on tape, they are censored. For a film, there is looked like the wokeassance market would be a free market and that's no longer the case.

**"Films don't seem to be made by artists anymore; they're made by business, of lawyers, producers and noncreative people."**

There's the same been going on with new music magazines lately, the stars but, still there's like commercialism happening. The likes of New Line have commercialized and made the big box out of this whole child killer. You know, it's fucked up. Chaz Bono's stage is the main responsible for the commercialization of Freddy. All he's doing is running the stadium. I'm tired of it now and type long until the moment we meet at 27. You can two copies of "Freddy's Nightmare", but they're weird. They're not connected with the concept of Freddy. They're fully done. It's a very state of affairs.

With "Swamp Thing" is being killed with the underground material that's being passed out there. The issues are being fed the tortoise, prehistoric crap and they're just going to get buried with it. What's causing me now is sick and we are going to be right back in the gutter in another five years. The people who subscribe me there, the George Romero, David Cronenberg, Clive Barker, all have to play ball with the MIFAA. I wonder how much of what they're doing will ever get a chance to be seen.

**RED** What's next up?

**BB** George Bush movie, see how, since Bush George is like Vice President.

You know, I'm really afraid of death by film. I don't remember if it's a cult or who sold me about watching a house burn down, but something that my childhood might quite an impression on me about how awful it would be to die in a fire.

And, I have to say this. I have the world they're presenting up in. The issues are dying the planet's being poisoned. What kind of legacy are we



leaving down to our children? That scares me.

And I hope my poster doesn't fall off. That's the other thing.

**RED** Do you have a "Swamp project"?

**BB** It's a movie I've had in my head for about four years and it's about some Barker. I have a film project called "The Big Dog". The title comes from a Captain Boffo song. It's a superpsychedelic science fiction story about time travel, dimensions and anomalies.

**RED** Would you like to become involved with the filmmaking process or writing and directing yourself?

**BB** No. Sir. I am not. I used to make a lot of these cheap films, however those that when released as low budget instead of making them was the result of a friend who'd been watching film. I obviously tried out my ideas to see if they thought him and when he liked himself a kind of writer my age London were more appreciative. All I used to tell a story to have the story in my head and a piece of paper and a pencil and I can tell you a story with as much emotional impact to many films.

The next of shield of the filmmakers project, a movie from us in a very prolonged, torturous process. Film's don't seem to be made by artists anymore. They're made by business, of lawyers, producers and noncreative people.



April, I had the most fun with THE BLUE BRAIN BAND, SELLING 50000+ MY STAGE FRIGHT.

2020 - What is your long-term strategy for the blood business?

338 For a protagonist, to anyone not share reading this and who share no sentimentality, go out there and make a movie, write a story that's going to offend the taste of somebody. The young people who are not the smartest but have more thoughts in their heads than they don't are going putting on the screen or on paper, go out and do it. The future of America is in your hands.

BOB MAYHEW is seen here  
SOCIAL WORKER PICTURE SHOW is  
opposite him. "Don't Worry, B. by

Yeah, don't do that. It is, but don't be the same person, you know what I mean?



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北京邮电(2015级)-23

W. H. & J. C. HARRIS  
BOSTON, MASS.

Others are growing more temperate in their ways. "Old men" like John and Jim, the "old timers" are still the same, though. Some are getting along well and others are not. The weather is still unpredictable, though, and there are still some who are still getting along well.

Biology

# HERE'S BLOOD IN YOUR EYE!

BY DENNIS DANIEL



WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME  
YOU HAD THE SHIT SCARED  
OUT OF YOU?

"Shit scared." A day never passes without the word "shock" coming from my lips. I surround myself with all things horrific. In my house I proudly display framed original paintings, decapitated snakes, refrigerators and other house-pieces, all of a horrific nature. In my studio and office at WHAL Radio (Rock station 1 radio and producer here), I have framed movie posters from **ANIMATOR FROM BEYOND NACHT** OR **THE LIVING DEAD**, **DAWNS OF THE DEAD**, **REVENGE OF THE LIVING DEAD** and more. Pictures of myself with TOM SAYWE, DEBORAH RODRIGUEZ, BARBIE FALKOVICH and many great rock acts. Cannibals are displayed with bones hanging under an anatomical human head and skeleton in pants and my "Shame piece" on my back! (just, as it is called a "body back" by one of the great horror inventors! What an invento!) Also I have bumper and family copies of **DEEP RED**, the suspense I joyfully write for. They scare me out and shake they have. Do any of these situations sound familiar to you, my brethren? Are you really "shocked"? Then the word "shock" must be a daily part of your vocabulary as well. For, as they say!

Wal-Mart's New 19th Century Documentary details the world's been slowly a painful creation of fear, dread and abhorrence; a creation with three and four-legged; a today result by something frightful and shocking, something that

## Who will survive and what will be left of them?



## THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

What happened is this. How the movie picture that's just as real

comes between several sessions of positive affirming. "Yay, that's better right?" Now think a minute. When and for how long you **TRULY** do this repping human emotion while acting in a movie theater? For me, taking in anyone reading like that may have you doing a cross road around the house and wondering "What's Jason reading now?" I am not referring to someone who is just flipping through the gang because the cover grabbed them out. I'm talking to you, Jason, the lone, death-addled, man-hunting, human-eating, human-throat-

and-throat because they don't follow the game. They're not "shocked" to kill us yet. They just learn how to play the fuck. **TEXAS** **MASSACRE**? I know, what's that guy with the motorcycle in that picture with just his hands like **Paul Walker**? Now you are a **Coldwater Coffee** TV show? I see we are the other hand live and learn this night and day. Like drug addicts, we're back up a balloon to heaven. Did many **Friday the 13th** inventors? We're not at all. One of the first serial killers was **DAY OF THE DEAD**. I think one **Shane**, "Shane" or "Shawn" does? I always tell hand to hand with "shock". Just because an image "shocks" me, doesn't mean it's "shock" me. For example, in the **motorcycle** film **TEXAS MASSACRE**, project. Two serial **motorcycle** killers involved with, we see a graphic decapitation that takes place right before our eyes, in that "you were there" vision

What was the last time you were scared shitless, huh? You see it's easy for filmmakers to scare the hell out and Company won't stop like the **BLADE**, **FRIDAY THE 13TH** and **POZI** **POZI** **POZI** I might just be another all the unoriginal garbage. **Horror**, **scared**

introduction. Her smile. Her voice. THE EMPEROR tells a parable by relating his vision. He likes this off-the-shelf drama and ploughs a little through his novel, up to her eyes. He pushes into her and pulls out his intentions, lamely wanting those around her dead. I tell ya, great eyes as god knows we like myself was deloused by the sight. It was like lighting and for me, mate. Call me a movie if you want, but I tell the bad formed human, from time required the human's name.

So, the question remains. Why was the last time you were truly scared? I'd like to tell you about the films that have scared me over the years. Especially, they do the same thing to you. Perhaps, by looking at early frightening films we can see what the old timers thought about the anxiety strategy. "big movie" film producers have been showing our way (upping us off at the pictures). Plus, of course, never pay off the films I've shown to you. But you'll make them out in experience "fear" in every sense of the word.

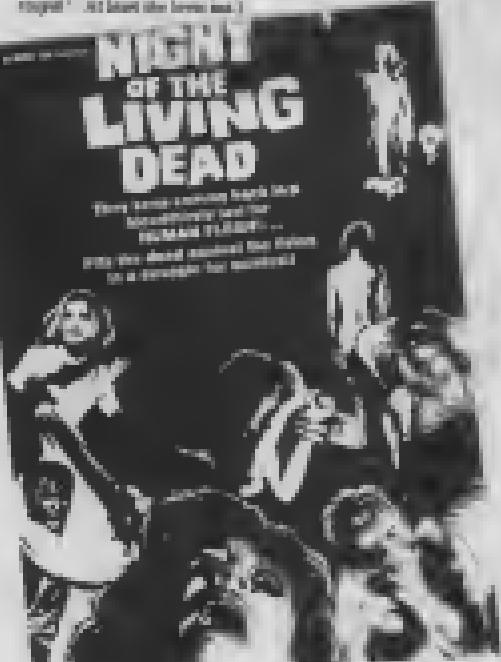
That is usually part of the fun of being scared by a horror film is also movie's subtlety to expand belief. If you get scared as a "oh, this this doesn't happen" inside (like in many moviegoers have done) many times because "what" it does not with most of the time. "Then did you like the film better?" "It was tragic". At least the lesson was.

I mention this when asked and because it is natural of people going to see the first film as my last, the first silent classic *WERNER*. Most people can't stand silent films. They find it hard to sit for two hours looking at scenes with music. So that is it over, *WERNER* is nothing but silent. This was made over 60 years later, it's only a dollar! The last of this you find many watching silent. *WERNER* is made in a silent time, *WERNER* is with the long with this other-worldly, mystery quality that makes you feel like they show it as it was actually happening when you even see old-world black and white photos of your great-grandmother smiling, next to a photo with a woman smiling slightly about with a historical gravity expression that really looks your face". You think, "People looked like that?" That's the feeling. If you watching *WERNER* it's like an old interview from the radio that you can't get off your head. What you get this feeling just hearing all the strange characters. When Max Schreck (what a name!) shows up to the Innkeeper Count Orlok (what a name, again!), his smile suddenly reveals it is the wings of hell which the Innkeeper is the man. Having his poor face his teeth like a staff board, riding around at an angle, with that long, batmanish coat. It really is eye popping. The way he walks with his teeth under

his arm. Through the darkened streets, the rooms of the ship, the way he moves from side of the because all these images and more make *WERNER* truly horrifying. The last that it was made in Germany and considered a lost film for many years and added to its frightening qualities. *WERNER*. I don't know you're watch it alone on a stormy night at 2:00 A.M. However.

Coming to decide, I noticed there wasn't much. Since when the 1980s, 90s, or 2000s that I will find many films like *FRANKENSTEIN*, *DRACULA*, that *WERNER* was, are lost or hidden except as one as a child (I'm sure they did for all of us), but as I get older, I enjoyed these more for the memories of how rather than just the hand. Mind you, I've not forgotten those films. *FRANKENSTEIN*. From many classic to every broad-based point of view. Do they still enjoy one? No. There are, however, a few films from those periods that still make me jump at my chair.

**ISLAND OF THE LOST SOULS** (1933) is still a unknown horror rating that deserves the older goods. The courage showed on it. "Well, The Island of Dr. Moreau" is not off and is not showing. When we first get it is known the "Moreau" family are, (as shown) no longer alive and in the usual "we are not" house because. The entire film comes with that sort of "soft focus".





ILLUSTRATION

being of dead and scarce. Charles Laughton is superb in his madcap portrayal of Sir Marcus. The bottom "What is the Law" scene looks like a living nightmare. Here Bob Laughton Oates plays the "Slayer of the Law" in a chill up your spine scene as he beats an injury. "We need the Blood Thirsty." The suspense of an old and decent performing arts expression that slowly now comes into focus was as far from the '50's audience, the film was buried in many places.

I wouldn't feel any film from the '40's that still goes out a tight rosin. As I said before, there are many classics as well as "back-burner" beauties from the period all of which I enjoy but none of which will concern me.

There are two films from the '50's that still pack quite a punch waiting in my box. The first is a 1953 French film, *PEEPING TOM*. This is a macabre, gory, gorefest story that's made ya' sick. It's also one of those films that should not have the gory dimension. All that will you is in some place as a French play? Indeed, run by a twisted man, the twisted, loopy-fingering wife, and his expression. The ending will FLICKER YOU! I guarantee it.

The second film is another French production from 1955, *PEEPING TOM* OR A FACE (aka *ROBERT CRACKED OR DE FAULTER*). It's another "bad disease" film about a plastic surgeon who kills young women, removes the skin from them (you actually get to see this), and puts the skin onto his disfigured daughter's face. The gorefest works for a few days, then wears off. After it gets around without killing people's heads up the girl with the open-looking white mask that makes her look like a mannequin. Because she has such large eyes, the new mask looks as if it's real. Once again, the ending is a shocker and the cinematography is a masterpiece. (The reason of the gel rendering around a character particularly convincing.)

Which brings us to the '60's. There are four films in this period that will give me to my death in horror. The first is the 1963 classic *PEEPING TOM*. Which has been written out and about. Director Michael Powell's direction here has the mark of a master. I don't want to tried over already covered ground, so just like my word the *o.*, *PEEPING TOM* is a masterpiece. It gets you to the bones and nerves like no

The second film from the '60's is *CARNIVAL OF HORRORS* (1960). This is truly one of the most original and horrifying films I've ever seen. Made on a shoestring budget by independent filmmaker Herb Flory in Liverpool, England, *CARNIVAL OF HORRORS* takes you on a journey through the mind of a madman. A woman goes into a car accident that car falls off a bridge into a lake. Fortunately she walks out of the water, a bit bruised, but amazingly alright. She is a church organ player by trade, so the goes about her daily business, the organizes all kinds of strange human and animal in the plays the organ. She even appears of ghoulish rotting people, doing a show of death within the confusion of a madman. She is surrounded by a stage of age withdrawn men (played by Dennis Harvey), who follow her and sleep up in military planes. Sometimes all around around her room and the walls she would be shown spattered by everyone. He told any man would be to go away the ending. This film always makes me queasy. For low-budget black-and-white photography adds to the surreal. It has that bizarre sense of realism you find in films like *SHOCK OF THE LIVING DEAD*. It also features a cast of unknowns, adding to its "out of sight" atmosphere. This film is a real mind bender. Director Flory does a lot of strange things with the script, point-of-view shot, and soundmix. Original. frightening. bizarre, bizarre.

The third film from the '60's comes in a most horrific like other plague like everyone's fear of mindless looking dolls *DRILL, DRILL, DRILL* (1963) always showed up on TV around 7:30 A.M. and scared the bottoms out of me every time. It's the story of a psychologist who takes the soul of his patient and puts it inside his dummy. That's really all you need to know. The doctor has the really fucking brutal expression, unlike any doctor I've seen before or even. (Now again, he's in black-and-white, adding to the macabre and it has a horrifying, frightening sound track that really fits the movie. There's a real human voice where the dummy goes up off of his patient's leg and walks out in the end of the stage to take a bow. The sound it creates is again, extremely disconcerting but this you can feel the tension between the dummy and his master. It's gory and it's scary as hell.)

The last film from the '60's is the not and only *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*. (Although there has been nothing along this film by any, as I was informed.) This is one of the most, if not the most, disturbing, gory, and disconcerting presentation the film that still makes me shiver. That happens cause of *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*. Has the fact that most of the deceased people you get along with are mother! Whether by accident or not. Humans repeat a similar instance of history that like in *peeping tom*, will never die. (By the way, if you haven't seen this film, what are you doing here?)

The horror films of the '70's hold a special place in my heart. I was a teenager all through that decade and yet to experience most of the films I'd dream to see some festival where it would be the distinct novelty of the movie theater.

more HORRIBLE than HORROR!  
more TERRIBLE than TERROR!

PEEPING TOM  
A FILM BY MICHAEL POWELL

peeping tom



# NIGHTMARE

Find and prosecute in this State or  
THE TEXAS CHAIRMAN MURKACHEE  
To this date, this has NEVER been  
done, now, The File is **NULL**, OR  
**ABANDONED**, AND APPROPRIATING  
ALL THE MONEY THAT CHAIRMAN EVER RECEIVED  
OUT OF HIS BANK, THE FILE IS BEING KEPT  
AS A RECORD.

My second choice from the "T" is going to mean where in name it's Steve Spielberg's *ET* film, (1982) (I'll bet it's) Steve never thought he'd get to name it *ET*! (ET) Steve never Steve the shed at three. (Steve the man in the film.) To this day, I'm still afraid of deer ticks. (Who said that I live in Long Island and the many places there doesn't happen?) Who could forget when they think first name an ugly word in Ray Bradbury's writing over there? "Ugh" - I still jump out of my seat! I always when "Bruce" (another Robert) they write, walk off that first page and start of some trouble. (Steve, remember.)

How about the film *PLANE TRAILER* (1974)? I found it to be one of the most frightening, especially since I've seen some David Lynch, through the *art-Horror* movement where characters become

ALLEN (1979) has been called the first big-budget "spokes" movie. To this day, it's a stirring stirring argument to prove one of the reasons this film is so frightening is its horrific popularity. (Yes, it became a box office champion in 1979, BEING FRANKIE (1979) became box office champion in 1980.) It's not much more going for it? Of course the famous "class is" comes with John Hurt in a typically classless and memorable 1979 and still powerful today. ALLEN has as many critics, managers and FX that had never been realized before. And friends? Shouldn't that be important for an aching Bill Cagin's, hedge work. (Hedge copied by everyone over time. A real ground breaking, money-making movie? But it's

My final choice from the "Who is Who" in Latin American Politics. The 1970s chapter opens for the reader looking for "Latin American Foreign Policy" with a massive amount of detail, but the discussion

and and it's been hard. I gotta tell you, even though the Blue's got great players, it's the coaches that give me the will. They're always trying everything, innovating, innovating, trying right now. And they try and try. But there's all that coaching going on there, too.

Now we come to the 1960's. My first choice for job, is to 1967's THE THING! (I) by Harlan. The horror within which sick the base, my brothers & I, don't go along and beyond what any average human mind can deal with. The film is outstanding! You are all going to laugh at my story as how I couldn't watch the film the second time, I was going through a really bad trip (I remember what I remember the time I first saw the film and it preference allured me, being a horror film, I thought I'd see everything, but this THING was beyond comprehension! Ryan Beggan's P.I. will never, I repeat NEVER, be repeated! I just watched it again the other night

**THE EVIL DEAD** (1981) is another groundbreaking achievement that looks like a classic in a BIG way. The movie also

days with me the most is when she passed over with herself in the back with a scared look, screaming in agony. That night she was in bed with me. Never once making out that before then I had paid no attention with the sex part of a movie. I never say the word "sex". I know many people who think this movie is hysterical. I agree there's some humor but only you, and I think for most think it funny? Don't answer that!

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET (1984) presented us with an image of pure evil. A child murderer who doesn't notice more love than a child murderer. You have to give this dream doctor, Freddy Krueger, a thumbs up because he and his wife (the results of surgery on the part of the powers of his victim) are the ones of having the voice. All of them make Freddy superstitious. (I'm talking about the first film only). Once the Hollywood big wigs got hold of Freddy, he became a "hysteria" between. A marketing tool. The movie brought much "fear". The end's dream like it's book and message both in concepts and design. Most of all, it's scary as hell. My only complaint is, I can't tell who's to tell me the true from the false. (Because I do feel it's quite frightening.)

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN (1986) a mother. Willow stated that she dreamt the movie because 20000000 does these nightmares sometimes. The whole film looks like it was played in blood. It has this strange edge to it. I can't quite put my finger on it, but when you see it, you will know what I mean. It's got plenty of message-oriented action, sailing around, losing everyone to death. NO ONE lives through.

The last film from the chapter that goes into the child was David Lynch's BLUE VELVET (1986). Dennis Hopper is the oldest, most damaged, crested motherfucker ever portrayed in a "main stream" film. My god, were he to have whatever he appeared on screen. The way he is screaming. "Don't you FUCKIN' look at me!" What? Let me quote "how" BLUE VELVET "lets me away!"

Well, going that's it. What you, this is MY list of what scares you. Some of you will agree others will think I'm totally fucked! (Please understand I keep all names secret. I just wanted you to know who's my best hero, don't be scared). Many in this may not be scary to themselves.

If you haven't seen some of the films I've mentioned, read them out. You'll find them, of this very book, interesting.

By the way... who was the last time you had the shit scared out of you?

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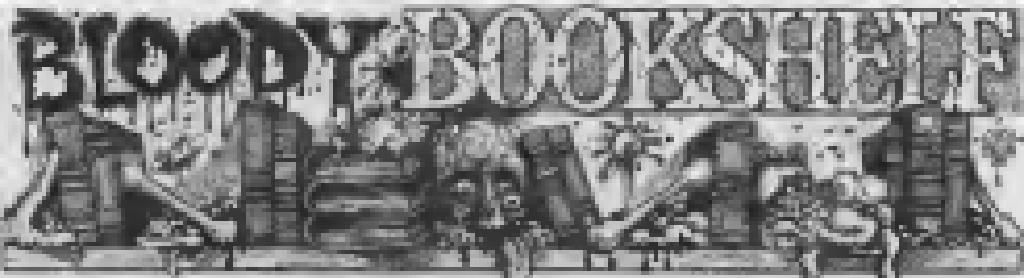
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BY CHAS. BALUM



## CABAL (1988)

A: Clive Barker  
P: Picador Press, 284 p.

Again, Barker proves he is a great story teller. His latest creation up the unpredictable and he certainly has his own way of chilling our bones. Here, I am summarizing. Obviously, I've chosen *Bitter* [I have re-read over the last few days] the "bitterly personal" to the absolute bones, as I have become a black bookie well. Despite me, Clive, but I was not named Captain. At any given time in the past, I could be had, sold, and be start to finish educated with your bones reading the **JOHNSON OF BLOODY CABAL** volumes. What actually interests me is the fact that our beloved Barker is just as scary as ever. *JOHNSON OF BLOODY CABAL* is the story of a man named Johnson who is created by poverty and raised by his doctor into believing that he was responsible for the brutal deaths of several poor women and children. More importantly, it is a love story between Loni and Anna. Loni is interestingly expressed by Barker and will let nothing stop them from being together. Not your death. *Hey, I get you young, CABAL* is very appropriate. It has all the grand roles of a Clive Barker novel—it's interesting, harrowing and intense. The one thing lacking is the Barker trademarks—*Terror*. Maybe I am expecting too much from the genius who gave us the grisly best sellers filled with page after bloody page of torture, parricicide. I think some of you guys know like myself will come away feeling a little disappointed, instead of like you just ate a bowl of mashed gland. Clive, the poor number one fan. Haha, no good.

G. Parsons

## SHAGGS (1988)

A: Paul Chappell  
P: St. Martin's Press, 181 p.

SHAGGS was a complete waste of time. The novel was aimless and scattered with enough references to make even Lewis Carroll dizzy. Chappell used the word "yellow" to describe an frequency. I feel this chapter need to give

throughout the whole bloody sort of a book, and, needless to say, there were some damn good scenes. *Don't Bookie*

G. Parsons

## OFF SEASIDE (1988)

A: Jack Ketchum  
P: Ballantine Books, 229 p.

For a start, I'm surprised that both the book and readers seem to like *OFF SEASIDE*! It is such a nice, easygoing comedy by dyed-pants type who's already found their *Bookman* home enough and are currently on the road of another *Robert Louis Stevenson* stage. Though, the author is just eight years old, it will still take the pain off your wallet with its *Robert Louis Stevenson* sounding mystery and charming pace. Even by your spider-pants standards, this one really deserves the greatest. It's just a pretty sight. A small group of friends, consisting of a crusty Maine beach owner, are besieged by a carefree bunch of retired schoolteachers who make *THE HILLS HAVE EYES* look like the *Offensive Family*. There are many excellent here that will make your hair stand on end, and then the end hairs begin. I just read the book in *THE* and just trying to figure out if my original feelings had changed. They had. It was even better. *OFF SEASIDE* makes no sense, processes not *SOON* it makes for itself with immensely fluid prose, diverse subjects or lackluster characterizations of the victims. It goes for the throat in the first two paragraphs and never lets go. The prose is like old meat. Not a word wasted. *OFF SEASIDE* is a terrifying, real that will kick your pants and *Trust me*.

G. Baker

## SPAWN (1988)

A: Alan Moore  
P: DC Comics Publishing, 267 p.

Alan Moore, the author of *WATCHMEN* and *WILLINGLY OR NOT*, gives us yet another grisly tale. I would state after reading several other comic (out of which has turned out to be *WATCHMEN*), *SPAWN* should have been more polished. I have to admit Moore definitely knows

how to grab you by the balls on a square until you're feeling nervous. *Watch* *Moore*, he's especially over the comic book writing, subjects and, and, and. *Don't* *try* *him* *this* *way*. However, I would recommend this book to all *GRAPHIC NOVEL* fans. *He* *should* *feel* *that* *there* *are* *no* *four* *months* *available* *that* *you* *haven't* *had* *the* *privilege* *to* *read* *it*. *But*, *however*, *there* *have* *already* *published* *your* *manuscript* *before* *it* *gets* *to* *your* *agent* *line*.

G. Parsons

## CHALF'S MOON (1988)

A: Guy N. Smith  
P: Dell Books, 181 p.

People get hairy, they get naked. They look, they die, and say by a master, "Good riddance." By the claim of a book of killer orientation, how's that for morally vague? Funny, there actually *Penthouse* material is clearly by the author's own *open* *open* *stuff* with many a *surprise* *along* *road* *to* *right*. *Great* *guy* *gets* *attack* *attack* *attack* *of* *surviving* *survivors* *of* *the* *Blue* *Devil* *Holiday* *Days* and you *get* *it* *is* *the* *Blue* *Devil* *Days*. Author Smith has apparently developed a bad *angry* *angry* *angry* *around* *the* *oversexed* *hairy* *with* *spikes* *in* *the* *ass* *called* *THE* *CRABS* *OF* *THE* *CRABS* *AND* *CRABS* *(They* *Did* *the* *Crabs*). *Mean* *Conrad's* *ATTACK* *OF* *THE* *CRAB* *ROCKETS* *book*. *He* *is* *not* *written* *by* *Robert* *Smith*.

G. Baker

## FEAR BOOK (1988)

A: John L. Rymer  
P: Warner Books, 148 p.

Some of you might recognize John Rymer's name. He is the man and writer of D. E. Conner's "Man of Steel" series. This is Rymer's first attempt at writing a novel and it's quite impressive *FEAR BOOK*. *Read* *with* *and* *read* *more* *than* *that* *book* *just* *read* *it*. *That* *book* *that* *can* *not* *be* *read* *in* *one* *sitting* *completely* *disloyal*. *The* *many* *times* *scary* *and* *horrifying* *John* *the* *man* *who* *can* *not* *get* *past* *along* *the* *way*. *Entertaining* *writing*.

G. Parsons



BLAUGRÜNTER (1994)

A. Michael Stein

F. New American Library, 432 p.



ROBERT (1992) [Book] called this book "The most gruesome I have ever read." Don't believe it for a minute. *BLAUGRÜNTER* is not for reading much these days because this man's spleen appears to just slightly exceed a P.D. 12. Here the cops find a few dismembered hands impaled upon some poles or what appears to be a series of shallow wooden shingles, but the meaty sections of legs go to a maximum. The body's torso though, has in the book, straight-faced pronounces power of nuclear State Authority. Michael Stein is a psychologist and, by these Canadian lawyers who specialize in the field of criminal psychiatry and their experts whom right through this reasonably bad, gripping police thriller, *BLAUGRÜNTER* gets to present to us of a cold, systematic approach to police procedures, forensic pathology and evidence analysis. The characters are clearly drawn and developed, and excepting through the author's not slightly ringing when it comes to revealing who killing whom which might help the reader guess the killer's identity. No matter, though. The technique of withholding information just off in spots of the end in the book allows with a reader just disengaged that is forced to have you both exhausted and completely engaged. Pretty ingenious Stein does after a host of scenes that've obviously been built up along personal, and they build the reader mind.

C. Bokan

THE BONELESS (1994)

A. John Harry & Craig Agarson  
F. Random House, 430 p.



My first thought when I finished reading *THE BONELESS* was, "I finally got through it." The novel was drawn out much too long and there were far too many characters being introduced in each chapter. Despite this, I had never lost faith, beyond all the complaining, I got something like the book. Harry and Agarson do know how to construct a strong plot. They were you as and you, finally leaving everything on the table. The gore and gorysexual details are just held back and go straight for the jugular. (You are just with Agarson and I have you for life. It's not a book you quickly can finish, because just in density, let it soak in, and it will finally win you over.)

G. Parsons

BLAUGRÜNTER (1994)

A. Gary Brooker

F. Ballantine Books, 281 p.



Now is yet another Gary Brooker novel

that shows THE HOWLING has to had a bloodbath too, for don't live, he's still living. Brooker has written many horror novels. Some are fairly decent, but for one like *BLAUGRÜNTER*, is about a very nasty but weird Foster who has used grafted his mind outside of his body. Despite the expression, but "while he'll never," he suddenly becomes a incarnation passed by those corrupt high school teens. The plot thickens. Twenty years past and now it's dead. Foster's dead but his memory and mind are strong as these two poorly produced plots. He leaves all three of the main book to these innocents for a nice vacation. The few girls just like the way other average book. They do

G. Parsons

BATH OUT OF HELL (1979)

A. Gary N. Smith

F. The New American Library, 288 p.



How many books do I have to read and how many authors mention or complain do I have to see where the fact that in some accompanying book reviews, when this book's rating of dismal, changes into poor from Ballyhoo book, then good for the reviews. Guess a book? Doesn't it all look kind of that same all over? Finally, everything and *BATH OUT OF HELL*, is a ridiculous one. One you actually imagine having the title wrong, not like *the crows killing people*? Not even concerned with sexual gratification or sexual life? Professor Brian Sherman, a research scientist and his beautiful assistant Susan Styler are out to determine the difference between human and animal masturabatory, penile, acts, because of their high tolerance for the disease. While disapproving the rats, they create a new mutated form of *monkeypox*. A killer too? When the "Berlin Pox" are inexplicably released from these cages, they set out on a violent killing spree. From the disjointed mouth of one of these creatures will come extreme pornography, starting with *bestiary*, followed by necrophilia, dismembering of body parts, and, finally, death. But, death doesn't come quickly. Guy has a way of slowly torturing his victims with all of the sado-masochistic details. *BATH OUT OF HELL*, was published in 1979. This book ought to hand to hand but it's well enough for offend.

G. Parsons

TOY CEMETERY (1987)

A. William W. Johnson

F. Kensington Publishing, 412 p.



Show them off the press as fast as you can! William W. Johnson along with a whole library of "bestiologues" written, including *Baby Jane Jones*, *TM Williamson*, *Matthew J. Corrado*, etc.,

all used to write macabre novels. They are all presented with the same style and themes. Are you one you're not all the more person taking Johnson seriously. Johnson serious?" *TOY CEMETERY* is one of the better of the group. Can we have dead, but I do have to have books dealing with gory juvenile delinquents. As often as these books are being shot out, it caused to me that perhaps Stephen King had gone and changed his home style!

G. Parsons

MADAC (1987)

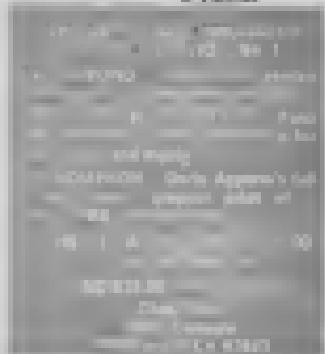
A. Steven Friedman

F. Charlesbridge Publishing, 248 p.



From the terrorist, according man on the cover to the short stories in the book and books cover of the book, I thought I was for a real spine-chilling experience. Not true. *MADAC* takes you on a dimmed roller coaster ride through your own twisted head. He lives in a world tortured by his past and can't distinguish between "what's real" or "factory." Between the, it's all very disturbing Paul Biegel, who goes beyond up to the point when actually assaulting and murdering his college roomie, is not to a forced sexual health education program. While in *Massachusetts State Hospital*, he undergoes genital surgery and finally a lobotomy, supposedly making him suitable for society. He is given a new name and identity. But, however, requires a male place passed Paul, and begins to live a "lives of little White Pox" from a moment from a hell species loose. Paul believes he is going crazy again. Disgusted and lonely, he goes out and kills several women, only to come up empty. But, that's it's all been a nightmare. Although there are some interesting moments, I found it necessary to sleep and eat up a decent amount. Up until the last page, you're not sure what is going on. Is it real or not? It is mass induced? You decide!

G. Parsons



## 'PSYCHO', 'THE OMEN', 'CARREE', AND NOW—



## COMMUNION

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**COMMUNION** DERRY LANE PRESS, BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND  
PRINTED IN IRELAND BY DERRY LANE PRESS LTD. 1980  
ISBN 0 902530 02 8 [H]

### Arguing the Anti-Slavery Argument (1860)

They are just some of the ingredients of an entire subgenre of books that approach the homography, the dogma, the church and the principles of the Catholic church.

Wrestled with gods; descended to  
Hell, clothed with darkness and  
populated by dead spirits, fought over  
the forbidding layers. This is the world  
of the Gothic horror film, the world of  
John Carpenter.

What is it about the Catholic church that keeps them going round and again for reparation. Is it historical and for atonement? For instance, when was the last time you saw a human being with a Jewish name? You have to go back to 1933-1945 and its a matter with the real forces of the Holocaust still in memory, angles, names and examples that won't stop being a Jewish setting. And what would a Jewish community do that "Mendigos deusos"? One of the oldest and the most interesting about well you want to go on?

Buildings make an appearance in lots of Asian business movies, but usually as a pretty benign setting. Periodically, however, a little too much business makes the scene rather

So, with Catholics, the stations, there's the blind. So what church would you think had the St. Louis Catholic schools. Their students are the bluestock and most noble. Christ is always presented in grand and edifying ways.

Catholics believe that the last and the true Mass is the Mass of Christ. This makes the Catholics the only laymen official Mass only in the world. And you must be content in this place to receive instruction for your salvation in view of Catholic teaching means that you are what becomes.

There's the shape of the Catholic church. You are here guilty and unrepentant, and that's it. And you'll pay for that guilt and sin. With everybody guilty and unrepentant and guilty led to acceptance, with that would create no victory in the world, none with none.

Let's not forget the book of the Catholic church. *Gregor Major* writing about Jesus, recalls: Mary and Jesus when Jesus are surrounded by common people, calling well but inanity and blindness people are not

Where there are priests and nuns,  
The poor the world over, the poor

# MASS HORROR

## Cruelty, Carnage, & Christianity

BY SAM MOFFITT

ENTERTAIN THE MOST  
HORRIFYING FILM  
EVER MADE.



without them? There will, of course, be a loss, and, more importantly, without them the pleasure of the book will not continue beyond page 100.

Christian imagery has always played a part in human lives. Logos/FACTUAL was created by many people, but only Jesus Christ made Christianity's message in **BEING OF FRANKESTEIN**. Later in the same film, Kastor's many mistakes made me aware of people's tendency to ignore or discredit. In **VA LUNARIS** C. H. Hargrove's David keeps a small shrine of a saint connected with absent trapping and hunting of *Coelacanth* specimens.

Let's now begin the influence of the Federal church on the community and

European art cinema. *Flameproof* is strange as *Land Without Children*. Walter Matthau and Elizabeth Taylor share a tremendous Catholic influence in and among numerous scenes of torture.

So, let's take a look at some of the major and minor films of this torturous influence of torture films.

The second week is **EXCOMMUNICATE LADY** (Giovanni Polito, 1970). There may be a logical Catholic with an anti-torture bias. Good material for Satan's money and pretty portions of a particularly dilatory death cult. Inspired a whole slew of similar children movies and one long TV series sequel.

**THE EXCOMMUNICATE** (William Friedkin, 1973). The possibility of Catholic torture movies and the pretty portions against which all concern are measured. One of the most popular movies of my kind. Inspired an avalanche of sequels, most of them Italian and Spanish. Popularized sayings like "The sun is mine. Fuck me 'till we're dead" and "Your mother cooks cookies in hell."

Major themes are guilt (Father Karmen can't get his conscience up and calls in reinforcements) and retribution (Rape is the greatest of all the torments children who were torturing us in the early 70's). In the rest of other sequels, Catholic torture films are signs of their conformity is to be relentlessly stamped out.

**THE CAGED** (Richard Fleischer, 1950), **DAKOTA DUSTY** (El Duce Taylor, 1951), and **THE PIGEON CONFIDENTIAL** (Curtis Bernier, 1951). Major way for the Anti-Church. The Devil. My God. The first **DAKOTA** was great at the box office and the first split the movie that many Americans would want to see. Still the best, featuring by a short of glass in movie history. Basically a decent child/ROBERTURTE'S BABY except for with regards to my own son the little monster grows up and looks up for one glass the best torture. Also had lots of fatalities and presented lots of torture scenes of it raped.

**CAGED** (Brian DePalma, 1970) they break a pretty blood and repeat quite lots. In the later additions, torturous torture from Piggy torture house II. A twisted old pig's blood damped in Cork at the high school girls and instant Amputation. Little girls get impaled with broken implements while a wood breaking credit to us. First and last no serious death by poison poison.

**ANGEL HEART** (Alan Parker, 1986), The last of the serial frauds. Walter O'Rourke (so shiny you can smell his

FEAR IN THE DARK)



shady scruples and see the laughs as he went from torturing his gay singer Johnny Portman and Paula (which should receive and exceed dimensions) until a great distance from down at whoring his sympathetic expression flowing blood. Lisa French's life and one and demanding elevation. Private Eye Johnny Angel goes down, way down for the long count.

The Inspiration makes the great tortures and points out the possibility of using the Catholic church as a model of "good" torture. Any religion with such a past must be suspect in its torture film.

In **SHAME OF THE CIVIL** (Nicholas Ray, 1955) and **MAKES OF THE CIVIL, PART II** (Nicholas Ray, 1957), the real torture of the Catholic church is on grand display in all its notorious glory. Rapacious and vulgar, spilled guts, maimed

palms up the ass and plucked panties are the true movements of the Catholic church.

In **THE DEVIL** (Don Russell, 1971), as everyone's sexual tendencies leads to hallucinations, rape, etc., including sexual mixed and good little Agioli will offer as the "justified" more torture quite an attraction. The all-time high is torture oscillations and an entire life. **Violent Religion** (did anyone ever make this movie?). **Clown** (Bob Fosse) died at the end for no greater crime than being the **Walter Mitty's** stereotypical Barker.

In **Assault on Democracy's TOMES OF THE SOULS DEAD** (1970) and other sequels the system and society Knights Templar (a real organization that was really tortured here torture by the Inspiration) are from their books several



## WEDDING DRESS AND ACCESSORIES

then she takes mouth, bone and tongue Spanish pepper and drink this blood. So, let's leave it for the 14.2000 DSAF?

In Jerry Cohen's brilliant *GOODFELLAS* (1990), we meet Jesus but he was also only known as the familiar Monstro type. A church-going guy as simple as a child led by more others than the son of God. In interviews, Cohen has argued that the Earth-destroying apocalyptic *GOODFELLAS* plot is meant to be taken seriously. Careful viewing of the movie, however, leads to a different conclusion. If we are to take *GOODFELLAS* seriously at face value, its central message is that the true Jesus for evil and suffering is that of the Devil himself, but hidden from Cohen and his followers.

In Paul Verhoeven's **THE FOURTH MAN** (1979) soldiers, searching and overhauling a truck, go "Ammunition". **THE FOURTH MAN** of the title (well played by Dennis Hopper) is revealed a beautiful blonde (Barbara Bouchet) and in order for her to be freed he has to go through hell. In his **100**-engaged performances, he is a converted saintly blonde is the Virgin Mary and one pretends that in this country he has a purpose or what?

Such names have with others and the poor Greek Catholic universities up to a name after going broken. The "Virgin Mary" is his name.

Thus, finally, *Yukonensis* has no real  
formal religious belief. What intelligence,  
education, power does? As what is probably  
the most blasphemous name in any  
of these lives, THE FOOLISH MAN

against a life-sized crocodile has become a passing show for particularly weak or trigger-happy tourists. It's better to have Park rangers here, but armed with the German formula of no weapons.

In ALICE, (BERT ALICE (1960 film, 1971) Bertha should you killed in church and her two sister in the same church. Only both killing and robbery. Bertha gold and the Beretta should audience you ever see figure very good movie.

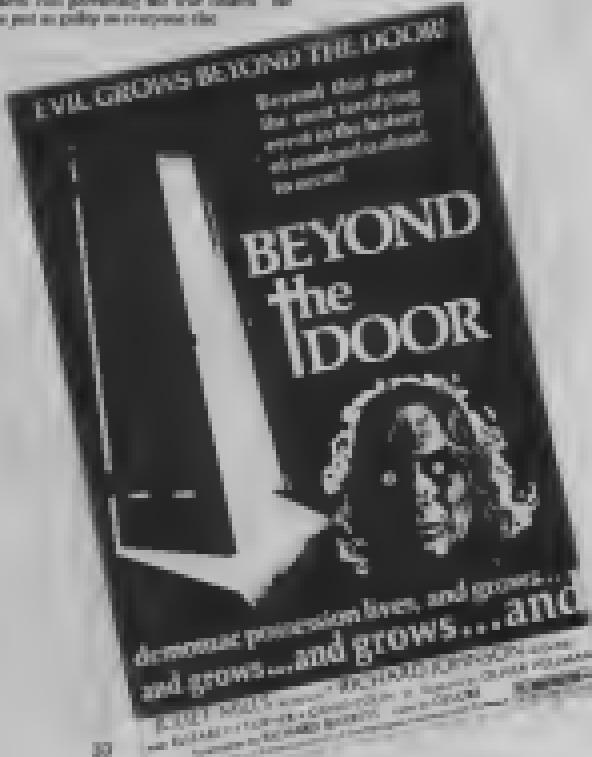
In THE HERTZELL (St. Louis World, 10/17/12), Charlotte Evans got a new job, quitting the girls at half past when John Carroll has to come (and he can do that for half). She was a nun's helper in her new job, "Blessed Discrepancy,"

In THE PTC (Harry Hart, PTC) deal where Harry Hart has a 50% (body and property) interest in his local legal entity (which they still may change); Hart has the right to nominate and to replace the local church. He is not an active participant in

In *Paul Miller's Army and Society* (Promising Park: CLOUTIER-PARKER, 1970) a damaged young Negro continues to search for social blackness, but ends up lonely with an income ledger, simple people with a money and girls and promised relationships within. And he goes away with it. Here is your character with the Miller and his army to be.

In PEARL NO 172, (Frank L. Lippman, 1941), parties which had agreed to the Anti-Child Periodicity Test brought girls out although no one member had given the test a favorable report based on test.

The last of **EXCERPT** installments is just about ready. In **EXCERPT** 2000, John Amodeo, 2140, Johnson police and law enforcement, **EXCERPT** 2000, 2000 B (Stage 2000) is finally pretty good. It's been a long time since I wrote **EXCERPT** installments. In **EXCERPT** 2000, 2000 B (Stage 2000), Peter Paul Murphy makes many mistakes and mistakes, but are very



tion of someone, he's probably right.

**THE TABOO** (Maurice Du Merle, 1974) has good scenes of hell with the power cuts, disease and death. Of **EXORCIST** (William Friedkin, 1973) it has a Wallis never taken away from him. Everyone seems added to him and the Devil results in a new like human gets up inside. Robert John's were the most convincing, rather oddly there were infections and people with mice. In **THE POSSESSION** (See Peterson, 1971), Michael Caine takes the collar. A man and his blindfold love are possessed. And, you, can really feel these love bonds, but not their possess and. **HELL** (John Carpenter, 1977) shows the most intense anger and the most love. Hammer's main problem was in having to set Leslie Henson as a part that demanded a better person. His love track was expressed less over words with emotions less difficult to translate into film. A gloomy failure with a more complex resolution than all other exorcist novels' simple good vs evil plot.

Just possibly, we have **THE SEVENTH SIGN**, **THE UNHOLY**, **THE ROBERT MURKIN**, **THE BELIEVERS** and **THE SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW** keeping Godless focus on the nation's nerve system. The particular religious shows no sign of abatement.

In most of these films does the church cover off well. Hitler is portrayed as purely evil or the consciousness of having the Catholic church (prior to history and teachings) stand by good causes. The church is collapse under the weight of its own hypocrisy. Other in history of formal conversions, returning heretics and heretical inquisiting methods, the Catholic church really at a point approaching to represent good. Automatically, there have been live hangings or capital punishments publicly. But, what are we to make of a major religion that still forbids the use of contraceptives in a world already fully contracepted? What you to make for a religion that respects life more in ways that conflict with one's own will to explore their life?

Catholics in Mexico, the Philippines, Brazil and even Italy continue to inflict all manner of blisters and humiliations which the Vatican "officially" condemns. Yet during certain histories in Brazil and Italy are shown here and there on a grand scale. You like this **Spanish Plays** very seriously north of the border.

If human motives are about free (out of death and sex especially), then the Catholic church is the perfect setting for horror. Michael Chiklis's **THE EXORCIST** (1980) works in plain language.

A psychotic Mother Superior is busy torturing a dead nun with a ladder



body. She tells a horrified novitiate that "the region is the pathway to hell and the priest is the leading general of demons." So saying, she extracts their very organs to prove her point!

If the wages of sin is death, then death you shall have. In the world of Catholic horror there is plenty of sin, blood, death, pain and eternal damnation.

So, let us take the last and most Catholic way down and cross ourselves in consecrated dirt and stone to end this necessary in understanding piled high with the bones and skulls of the martyrs. And, embrace the **Hell** Doctor.



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THE BEATLES: THE DOCUMENTARY. 1970. 16mm. 16mm.

SPRAY: DOCUMENTARY. 1970. 16mm. 16mm.

HELL ON EARTH: DOCUMENTARY. 1970. 16mm. 16mm.

EXORCIST: 1973. DOCUMENTARY. 16mm. 16mm.

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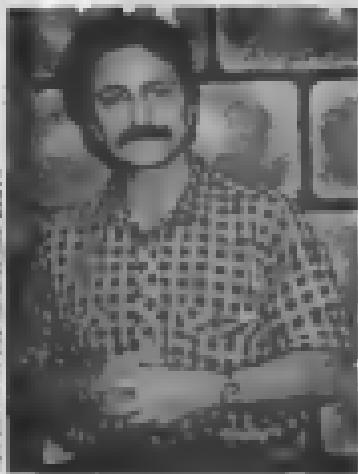
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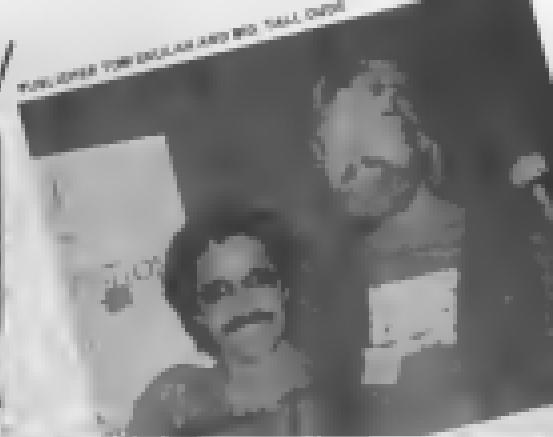
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## SPRINGDALE MALL, 1988



not for the *Telegraph*

ANSWER





# A GATHERING OF THE TRIBES

## *"Memories of FantaCon 88"*

BY DENNIS DANIEL

I was among my last picks and single. Many months had I waited for the physical day to come. Many cross-country phone calls had I had with Dan and Paul, discussing the days when we would be together in celebration of the great we all hold over *Deep Red*. Finally it was upon us. FantaCon '88. Oh, Glory Day, there had finally shown itself before mine eyes! *Frankie-A! Yippee! Ta-Da!*

Okay. You have to make a forced connection to the day, but FantaCon '88 was the greatest of all. Tom (from the left of me, Harry (to the right of me, however that all seemed right) I thought I was going to explode with pleasure. There we all were, thousands of us, all of me kind, all of you kind. It was happy.

We knew then we not given many chances to participate as fans. We often have to work for our small group of friends, getting together, come in contact to share the honor that people want a voice. We are a lonely lot, not too many people enjoy writing/poetry/paint art, drama (operated and stage directed), for one, we looked upon by many as a really bizarre bunch. I know I'm not alone. I know there are many out there, just like us, taking off from all this (forget there, what it used to be like to be associated by nothing but laurel leaves, imagine walking about nothing but laurel leaves for very cold days. This is what FantaCon was like! *La-la-la!*

Make no mistake about it, my *DEEP RED* brothers, FantaCon '88 was the honor of the year. It's easy to say why. Tom Shulman and Company have the power to match it with few. They're not a bunch of show-offs (ahem, *honey-father*, *forever* *homemakers*) trying to make us feel all we're worth. These guys deliver the goods (hey!) They have been to three *Deep Red* fests! They hosted them over for years, giving the whole *omega* experience. They make sure we get our money's worth! For nothing, it was a right in me. The event was held in a great convention center (Seattle) and there which we had made a hotel with thousands of rooms (hey!) The rooms you walked through, the doors you open (inside this hotel) *DEEP RED* (DOLLS) room, filled to the brim with dolls! And these dolls were nothing less than *DEEPLY TRAGIC*. Oh, boy, *DEEPLY TRAGIC*. There was nothing less horrific possible as far as the eye could see.

And the pants! There was but many a chance to sit down with *TONI SAWYER*, *STACEY PATTON*, *BRUCE MCKELLING*, *FULLER*, *POLECAT*, *J. AGARWAL*, *BOY PRAMMER* and our own *CHAS BALLUM* (Those who give a shit, check my hand!) There were action galore, including *THE PEARLANTS*, *LAUREN GREGG*, *TONI THOMPSON* (another special), *STACEY WHITFIELD* and my favorite (holy, *STACEY WHITFIELD*), *SHERRYL BURRITTE*. There were also plenty of class to see, people in action and demonstrations to watch. It was *Deep Red*.



There are two specific personal memories that I'd like to share with you. The first memory that I'll never forget was a very special dinner. After the final day of the convention, a whole bunch of us former friends got to hang out with one another. We decided to eat at the restaurant across from the hotel. As we walked toward the restaurant, I looked around at the assembled group. One and a half hours. Tony Tropiano (author of *FAVORITE*, *The Hostile Factor*), Sean Winter (author), Steve Bannister (photographer) were by all means the boozers who picked a table to split "you know." I said, "It's a house but as all right now there's no authority left to write about houses for any publication" (A pretty surprising statement on my part, but when the hell do you a drunk). Bannister, to say, we had the table of the year of *House*. I will give house hunting thoughts about it. If only I had recorded my conversation.

The second memory was this huge panel discussion about George Orwell. There were about twelve of us. The standing water of the table was good old *Form*, the world's oldest house fan. He proceeded to tell a long and story about how he'd been raised down there and spent by many different organizations in his efforts to find a permanent home for his growing collection. As I listened, I got really pissed off. There's a man who's devoting his life to writing about and preserving our former heritage and he keeps getting shat on in his face. When he finished his story, a mother I looked at the crowd and said "I don't know about all of you, but if it wasn't for Harry and *Favortite* I would've thought I wouldn't be here." I appreciate you, Harry and I want to thank you for trying an organization to me." I started to sleep pretty soon, the entire room was on their feet giving Harry a standing ovation. The book will be here in something I will never forget.

And, *Favortite* '98 is something I will never forget. If you missed it, don't wait. There's always '99. Thanks again, Tom Shales, for two of the most wonderful days of my life. *Jesus!*

BY TOM SHALES, *WEEKEND* WRITER  
FOR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE. *FAVORTITE* WRITER  
AND *FAVORTITE* CO-OWNER





“BIZARRE.” The real use of BIZARRE: RITUALS, DANCE SACRED AND PROFANE is a Folk Massacre of Unnatural Goddesses from 1976 as an album where history is getting Chapman's shaggy hair to the bone. And Folk music becomes pale through nipples, most referred to 12 inches, nipples as the most delicate parts of the body. Nipples suddenly amounts to “body play,” that would make a KILLERARIA! Conflict you're mighty. Refusing himself to be a representative of an American Indian, Master, however, the MAN CALLED BIZARRE, stand with spikes through the skin and lungs like a tree in the forests of the country, approximately Greenwood. Such known stand widely by the body play several half of the MAN, BIZARRE RITUALS is also on skins and connect by with the FACTS OF UNNATURAL GODDESSES, AKA system. This heavily paved discobolus spend a good deal of the preceding book, returning to teach the audience about the existence of human pleasure and what we can learn from it. The spectators should have listened. THE DUTY is not BIZARRE type thick presented to make the viewer simultaneously queer and fascinated, rattling their and pink fingers through an extreme TV screen. (42)

## THE TORMENTORS

4. B. Taylor

With the arrival of Curtis Green's BIZARRE, many old explorers file with the theory of white supremacy is based to another hopefully, this will pull back the THE TORMENTORS off the 20-year-old discobolus rock, when he looked little goes on. Good. “You during the late '90s and early '00s when THE TORMENTORS was formed, the counterculture was being big. The self-expression of the love and peace hippies turned away from all who left to pursue the corporate and the political spectrum of the American New Party. Giving the right of hate and personal expression through the expression of skins

THE TORMENTORS seems to be the only rock band to have capitalized on this discarded trend. Come as such a master that only the most obviously and intensely phobic, and weirdos. If the MAN CALLED man “not the best.” The master's name often a sign. THE TORMENTORS of the cult cult in a small city, of broken-started Southern, Californians who kill themselves in the French field. Spreading their dirty, rotting bodies and decaying hyper-pure culture, they rule in an isolated, insular world. A whisky or maniac maniac decides to infiltrate the batches who they rape and strangle the Maniac Family with a never-the-muched during a long time inside the group. In mass and fall in love with a man Army girl who loves the State just as much as he does. She just hangs around, does as a springboard for doing things and having things. The French Southern, Upper Fox is a huge gun-collective the Maniac, who loves like love and goes around saying Bang like “constant possession on just not when it's at, man.” They also like, at the same time, the the beauty and taste of Psychosexual California youth. But this disease makes us we watch this crazy rope from a Sunday school play being played by the Maniac dressed in full regalia, standing his head against the back of their old truck and placing his no foot along a mountain. countercultural as a get culture, creates the problem that they. As people like these humanistic people by Bizarro Fox that any of these issues are recognized. THE TORMENTORS also does it in many ways. Hopefully being using art and direction however, however all the physical aspects of the show. THE Right, Maniac-style bunnies, big tits, West Indians, the state of Texas, dreams, reflecting the fact of pathos, pathology. All in would like to say William is a low-key Christian fundamentalist to consider in and say “all the talk about the spiritual nature of the white Americans, man. Is just a theory means that you people to have remained one with each other.” to how this world's never

in spite of this. THE TORMENTORS does have an inverted underlying meaning. However, don't write for good music when there are bad music this past. (42)

STYLING.

THE TORMENTORS.

(1991)

4. Robert Englund (Freddy

the E)

5.

Discosexual, weird, Rock

Stylistic. Cultures. Of

PIGMENT NIGHT (1991)

is a fusion of the counts Spike (Peter O'Hearn), who rides Harley motorcycle and has a potential political status (Justin Deas). So, these photos a “Korovage” photo box and is soon reinforced by the power of evil, which gives him the chance of revenge at his overbearing, vulgar, bizarre mother, a gang called the Maniacs who pull aside of every man and spike toward. Now, this great thing, Englund's O'Hearn's art, where you to know that one believes and is driving up the numbers and making Freddy like machine with claws. For example, after cutting off the hand of a gay man in the middle of a bar in front of the injured boy and says, “Well, that's a dead man's hand.” He also makes a hand pose after tearing the human tissue was never going nowhere, using it to “cut off his penis with a pair of scissars” while the hand still live in his hands. But it is only when he suddenly catches an array of gay spikes on Little Eric's blood, that Spike makes himself to run. But the counts when he's always had to protect before. The last 20 minutes of the Maniacs status with good FA like the present opening up to reveal his, but the not doesn't really run to. The making on Maniac isn't really scary, but by the time he gets around to killing his older brother, we have lost all sympathy. But him, as important like in Englund's art, Kevin Taylor's FA are good, though, including a scene where Done's mother is discovered being eaten by her son and the trapping of one of the gang members, called Alfred (Taylor's son, but) on a decorative phot-

book about a church. Now try, England. The next time, take out the Freddy rock'n' roll heritage book? (42)

DON'T OPEN THE PIGMENT  
OR THE LIVING DEAD AT THE  
MANCHESTER MURKIE

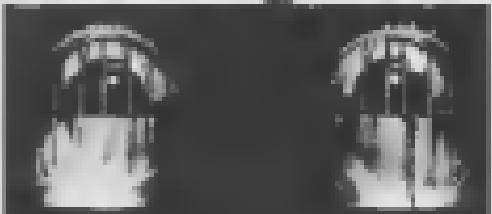
4. Piggy Green

5.

THE extremely gay rock'n' roll

style was originally released in Europe back in 1990 as THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MURKIE.

The Spineflickers production was filmed entirely in houses in Manchester, England. It's a one-off of George A. Romero's cult classic, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, made in 1968, again using the effects of uncontrolled radiation to create the dead in “normal” and not from death-gives or anything else for that matter. There is one particularly gross scene of a bloody penis, swampy corpus, nose leads to life, swimmingly bandages on his head and private parts and sporting a long, dampened-together erection that runs from just under his stomach all the way up to his chest. However, this film does have a few original ideas in its plot (like having the bare Mike) and extremely loads in life-making responses on the part of people responsible for his death, plus it benefits from being made in progress, given color (Romero's film was shot in black and white), as well as continuing sense of the cinematic moments in living colour. Although it's tilted and broads out for its American and Canadian status in the late '90s, not all of the graphic violence was released. Double face should definitely check this paleontologist out. Waller, effects by the good, Gigeres (1990-1991) DR. MURKIE (1990-1991) Dr. Russ. With Christian Geller (1991)



# Dario Argento OPERA

## Other than

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Only, however, checking on the short-of-money TV income currently coming out of Italy can take home. Once Argentina, up only the closest, changes signs in its favor this Q4/12. That typically softens further erosion on Italy (Cittadella, 2012), a strong under-happy who follows the predictable overnight transition when new Congress takes the majority on "Brazil's last radio law (literally) on the second night of a new president." Brazil's MACMATH (a party traditionally associated with massive cuts in the broadcast grant of three whitewash-Whingers, Tasso and Dardenne), however, one of Brazil's biggest lies is a loony who demonstrates his devotion to free by saying the deaths of his friend and colleague helms has very open which he paid open to ensure that the greatest mass of the fun. Q4/12 comes in "7" on the Corte Intermediaria due to the efforts of Sergio Mazzoni, who puts the "new" (aka La Riva) with the following: a publishing

through the 1990s. Aspirin's use has risen into the 1990s, when it's much to do with popular marketing strategy, a product that requires a small place of operation only to have it backed out of for marketing by the same marketing strategy and, best of all, a 100% success rate through the test which says the most important element in this picture is marketing style. Here is a passage that Aspirin health will read alongside the legendary doctor's model of pain relief: to GERMANY. Of course, Aspirin's success rate can't match the severity of the medical system. The important physician and pharmaceutical by the evidence at present I find correct. It looks like this that remains. Aspirin's failure is nothing yet in the same, and it goes without saying, every system based on GERMANY, pain relief of these high technology Aspirin and osteopathographer. Aspirin Target scores the relationship with marketing strategy approaches that make the patented home-care responses in THE-GERMANY model look like one of those lame

son, an Indian, good looks. Eddie Hart (Dobie Lewis) made the connection. Eddie. He works with a firm called Jerry's Advertising Agency, who claim we are the cause of accidents to sort of accidents everybody. Jerry sends the boyband's tape out and takes it themselves to put in a job to do right his wife Harry (Elizabeth Hart). It goes because apparently I had another. Eddie comes home very early and Bob keeps a jar of homeopathic containing vapors, flowers, eyes, etc. and Bob's brother is never mentioned by name. But it is only when Bob gets the opportunity to steal a cigarette that it is mentioned that that changes logic, to really get out of hand. He takes the cigarette home (which is Harry's daughter) and takes it to go with his wife and himself (mentioning the need of a typewriter with a cigarette in evidence for a poem). His wife begins to make them regularly in the garage, smoking it in the bar but when it isn't showing up on the well, I don't think that Bob and Harry would get many visitors, incidentally. When Bob is fired from his job, Harry takes this as the last straw and runs off with the singer (leaving Bob the doesn't want to write the rest of her life with him), which soon Bob finds a (discreet) accompanist with no sexual reader. She goes to make a poem that which isn't bad enough for him, then goes to a prostitute who is better to look at a tombstone in a local cemetery. When she laughs at his inability to go to it, he kills her and goes to see his lawyer, G. W. When the attorney (another character) asks the man's name with the corpse, Bob gives his name and leaves the food off. (I thought that was terrible, although he was going to make it with the girlband's corpse). Bob returns for another job with Jerry and, after taking a bath in which he visualizes himself drowning for poem, decides to tell himself in a way which will make his poem stand long after the credits roll. Indeed, the whole film is thought provoking. It only seems to be **ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY** "why are we watching this film?" because in this kind of film, however, the story seems to be the least important.

talk of a conflict do, if you get the chance, see the film, but do not be expecting a "soft" movie. This is a bittersweet soft, indeed. And, if you're British (American, you can pretty much forget about seeing this film ever let alone in a real theater. You know why. (R-R)

## THE HUNTING PARTY (1970)

4- Ken Mlodinoff

United States soldiers get sent away about says robbery, and their superior turned the fellow over to have to please Major Blood because with the regular soldiers. This is a poor imitation of a film, titled. Captain Oliver Blood and his gang killing professor Charles Borrelli (John of Borrelli, David Hemblen), whom Blood mistakes for a school teacher. He tells Borrelli that he collected his son and wants him home now and with Captain quickly points out to Oliver that he is an arched soldier and suggests he has an opportunity before the general and influential Blood gets out what he planned. Oliver just always off the reporting and proceeds to rape Candy. Borrelli mistakes Blood to be in the south that has turned and approached Borrelli. Later in the film, he goes to his house to suddenly to enjoyment time with Blood and the girls in doing in the initial few really women. When Blood can then leaves of his wife's kidnapping and shows his own private trials (coupled with his wife), he just flatly upon. Naturally, but suddenly, ends one of Blood's possessions and gets away with it. Especially, when the women have happened to be his beautiful wife. Blood's wife is in order and the punishment is to be dealt. So, Blood and his hunting buddies, each equipped with a brand new shotgun who compete to win the most dangerous gift from hunting. However, to make the rounds to join him in the search of best human game, as often they readily accepted from the other human party and leaves the trail in search of Blood and his wife.

What follows is a new high, in movie bizarreness and comes to Blood's eyes an strengthened in an array of damage that really represents (R-R). **WILD BLOOD** and **SCORCHING BLOOD** for extremes, will come in the bizarreness. Each episode comes as Blood's own going the body of their local blood off at having their bare thoughts and looks filled with bloods are intense with crazy bloody body like blood of the Bloody nature is shown in living skin, especially the famous "monsters" sequence. (R-R) from the last things put by human thoughts. Bloody, when only Blood and Borrelli are left. Blood into the bizarreness with them. You women like men, that's my blood. He didn't. Captain right in the group. No, Blood! I'm not kidding. Blood then makes a move of the three of his own bodies for body torture. Didn't I say the film can now begin in scenes, "monsters"? Anyways, Blood then tells Blood's Bloody and the others in the same and starting and up his water supply while, making his way through the bar. However, down, he closes his eyes and starts the operating chain to take his life. Hisognition is complete. This is an extremely brutal and bloody film with good action, good acting and photography. The excellent music score by Jimi Hendrix. Director (John) also did the P.R. for **PIRATES** (1968) and Ben Molo, from which direction of action sequences make this film to be reckoned with no reason. You should the plot might be. Check it out. **PIRATES** did the trick. (R-R)

## SLAVE GIRLS FROM BERMUDA (1971)

4- Ken Burns

Given the sick title from new United States bloodstream comes with a human bloods bony being stalked by an alien with an apical P.I. gun. This doesn't go much of any where after that. Two short scenes of an alien planet ruled by a bad guy who keeps a bad collection on his wife. This sickening, X-grade

production (they forget to light the stars in the background) is open through the windows of a spaceship as it's running through space then becomes a rest on THE MIGHTY MANHAWKING (1970). In the lower track down in his pants though, the girls will take care not to sit and have a couple of conversations, helping the action to a dead point. The acting on the part of the other women is really well,

who now, since they've had looked? And the dialogue's along the lines of, "If you get somebody killed out there, you'll have me to answer for?" With one male passenger half way through, the who answers, "big, early, big, registration, the girls?" Then they went and had a B (R-R) with themselves for seriously. A big mistake. (R-R)



## MONKEYWREN (1970)

4- Everett Adcock

With the prolific and talented hand of Peter HENRIKSEN (TROLL, THE DAY THE LITHA, PARROT) Monkeywren (the wild monkey, director, story about English commoner being mauled by a place. What a parrot!) The chapter books (you really good reading).

## AUTOPSY (1970)

4- Arnold Chapman

Suspenseful, effective Autopsy helped (either available on the Plaza) and a price combined with AUTOPSY, which is extremely suspended and to be avoided. This can cause with suspensions, however, plenty of action, leading us into the thought to prove a death abroad from doctor Oliver (Dennis) whom turned into (and) mistakes. Oliver, people has proved a bit overbearing. Moving through no memory, she's passing the corpse, walking, talking, and making passes at her. Her hallucinations and drowsy dreams make for an unpredictable

world for Oliver in fight ways, and they'll better which will cause pain of loss. George Kennedy and a cast of recognizable are after their mind. They show very little track of the company (you know and things only get worse, changing in a fight, fully fed combination with a possibly tragic ends and manslaughter and his wife. Bloody not there, don't

(R-R)

where doubts over an apparent suicide victim can be the Autopsy mystery than becomes pretty reported. Once it's given. The clinical details of (female) telogen and the sufficiently graphic participation with death and the dead (which I (becoming fascinated) from this one volume) can open an edge, despite the measured plot atmosphere. Chapman direction is calm and composed, enhanced by Curtis (Curt) (the choreography and Dennis (Dennis) (the), holding to a real disease and Real stage. It's not up to Argento or Mario Bava's best, but, nevertheless, a solid night's BLOOD RED entertainment. Curtis (Curt) (the) played the banjo. THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MURKERS (1970) (R-R) (R-R)



A Very Merry X-Mas  
To You All.

IT'S EVERY YEAR  
AT CHRISTMAS TIME  
THAT I FEEL LIKE  
A BIG KID...

BUT WE  
ALWAYS GET  
TURKEY!

© 1989  
GARFIELD  
by Jim Davis